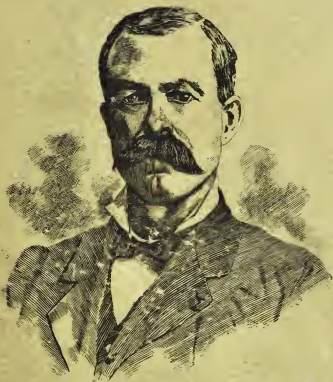


THRILLING CHASE AND CAPTURE
OF
FRANK RANDE

(THE BOLD BANDIT OF THE WABASH)



BY

FRANK HITCHCOCK

LATE SHERIFF OF PEORIA CO., ILLINOIS

COMPILED AND PUBLISHED BY

JOHN W. KIMSEY

FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE WIDOW OF FRANK HITCHCOCK



PEORIA, ILLINOIS

1897

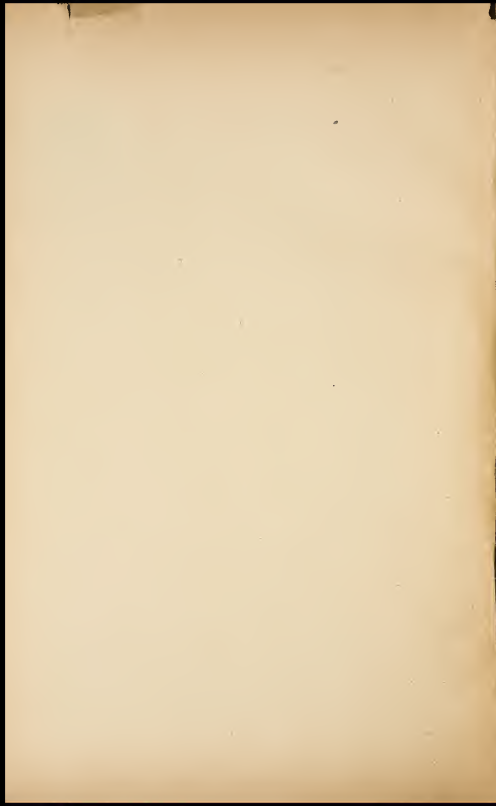
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1909









FRANK HITCHCOCK.

A TRUE ACCOUNT
OF THE
CAPTURE OF FRANK RANDE
"THE NOTED OUTLAW"

BY THE LATE
FRANK HITCHCOCK

SHERIFF OF PEORIA COUNTY, ILL., FOR TWELVE YEARS

EDITED BY JOHN W. KIMSEY

PUBLISHED FOR THE BENEFIT OF MR. HITCHCOCK'S
WIDOW

1897
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PREFACE.

Tales of blood and crime ought not to be lightly told. They cannot be too strongly deprecated in fiction; and in history, should have a purpose beyond the mere excitement of stirring situations, or the gratification of a morbid fancy. The world has all it needs of incident for such tales, without drawing upon the fevered imagination to harden the sensibilities with crimes that were never committed, or confusing the judgment with impossible exploits of imaginary heroes.

These idle tales are rendered fascinating by the understanding clearly implied between the reader and the author, that whatever comes — no matter how darkly the picture may be drawn — how hopelessly secure the coils that villainy may draw around the feet of virtue — how dishonor may seem to flourish through four hundred and ninety-nine of the five hundred pages — right will finally triumph on the five hundredth page, and all will be well.

Not so in real life. Here there is no ready hero with superhuman strength and alertness, to spring from some fortunate bush that has grown in a night, to strike down the assassin's lifted hand and turn his bullet into his own brain. Reality has none of these resources easily available to imagination. The real villain has an arm as strong and an eye as quick and dexterous as the best of his pursuers. The latter must not rely at all on the justness of his cause for some aid at the critical moment, that he has not planned and provided for, nor for some blunder or bungling by his adversary. Fortunate indeed is he if his own plans do not miscarry at some vital point, or the enemy receive unexpected aid or reinforcement.

Success in the pursuit of a desperate criminal depends upon just the same law as it would if no question of right and wrong were there. If the deadly encounter must come, the quickest hand and steadiest eye will prevail, right or wrong, and perhaps spoil a tale that free imagination could weave more to the liking of right-minded men; for such always wish that the right may prevail.

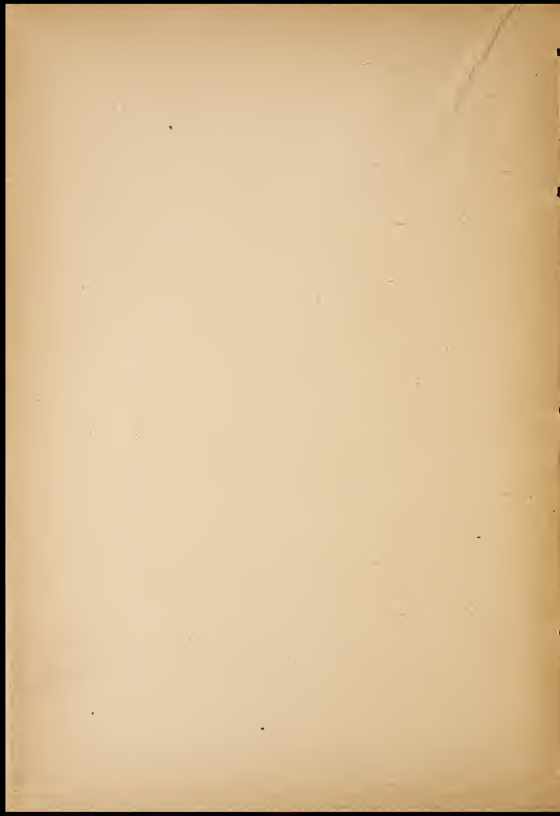
Therefore it is that blood-curdling tales of fiction merely mislead the judgment, harden the sensibilities, inflame the imagination, and serve no useful purpose in the world. Not so with solid fact and actual circumstance. Desperadoism has been and will be; and tales of actual crime and terror must be told. They must be told, if for no other reason, in order that the methods and processes by which villainy has been met and overthrown, may be studied and utilized by those still charged with the detection and capture of law breakers.

The reading public knew a great deal about Frank Hitchcock, of Peoria, and his detective operations, long before the chase which ended in the capture of Frank Rande. But it was only after this achievement that the clamor for a connected, authentic account of these transactions began to impress itself upon the mind of the great detective. And it was in response to this clamor that for some years before his death he had intended to put the matter into shape for publication. But Mr. Hitchcock was not a writer nor a speaker. He was merely a brave, silent, shrewd man, of the General Grant order — never anxious to exploit his operations in print, and often deeply annoyed by newspaper articles written with the best of intentions, which gave premature publicity to his whereabouts or movements. These, however, in important cases, he always managed to conceal even from his best friends, as will appear in the following pages. Therefore, without any personal ambition in the

matter, or any hope of considerable gain, he delayed from month to month, and from year to year, to set himself earnestly about the work of putting his copious notes in shape for publication. He delayed until death cut short his labors, in the vigor of an almost unimpaired manhood.

But his notes and gathered facts remained, together with those of his almost constant helper and confidant; and these, with the vivid recollections of the latter, form the repository from which this narrative is faithfully drawn.

It needs no embellishment, no play of imagination; for the realm of romance furnishes no incidents more startling than some here recorded. And no imaginary hero, pictured by a hand untrained and mind untutored in tracing men and their acts through the labyrinths of villainous device, could ever form a fictitious character half so interesting as that of the silent, persistent, unerring Frank Hitchcock.



CAPTURE OF FRANK RANDE.

CHAPTER I.

If there were ever any doubts in the mind of any one as to Frank Hitchcock's ability as a great detective, they were forever banished after his brilliant achievement in running to earth that most dangerous of outlaws, the man who so gloried in the work of spilling human blood that he adopted the name of "Frank Rande, the great Bandit of the Wabash."

While it is true that Hitchcock was not a participant in that memorable struggle which took place when this fiend in human shape was overpowered and arrested, yet he was mainly instrumental in making this arrest possible; and, when the facts were made known, the public press, from one end of the continent to the other, spoke editorially of his great ability as a detective and thief catcher. Many of the leading papers in the States, as well as those published in Canada, did not hesitate in saying that this last act of Sheriff Hitchcock, together with his many previous achievements of like nature, placed the Illinois sheriff on an equality with the best detective talent in the country.

Before going into details as to the crimes committed by Frank Rande, and just how his arrest was made possible, the writer wishes to say, although he was an active worker in the case, from the minute Mr. Hitchcock assumed control of the same until its final ending with Rande's conviction at Galesburg, Illinois, many incidents connected with the long chase after this murderer have so far slipped the writer's memory that he will not at this



RANDE'S VISIT TO LILLY'S GUNSHOP.

time attempt to give them in detail. Indeed, if all he does yet remember about the fine work done in this great case was properly written and published, it would fill a book of 1000 pages, and every word, to many, would be interesting reading. Such being the case, the account of these incidents will, for lack of space, be greatly abbreviated. Only the circumstances connected with the actual arrest of Rande will be given in full.

Rande made his appearance in Peoria county, Illinois, on the afternoon of the third day of August, 1877. It was in the afternoon of that day that he visited the gunshop owned and carried on by Mr. Lilly, of Elmwood, a village situated on the C. B. & Q. R. R., twenty-seven miles west of Peoria, and informed the proprietor that he himself was a gunsmith, was looking for a job in that line, and would be pleased if he could be accommodated with work then and there. Mr. Lilly informed him that, work in his line being slack, he could not accommodate him. Yet, inasmuch as the stranger represented himself as being a mechanic from the same school as he, the proprietor, the two sat down and indulged in a long, social chat, which gave Mr. Lilly a chance to note many of the characteristics, together with his general make-up, including the color of his hair, beard, eyes and complexion. In fact, after it became known that this visitor to the Elmwood gunshop was wanted for many murders, the intelligent proprietor above mentioned was absolutely able to, and did, furnish Sheriff Hitchcock with such a perfect description of the outlaw, that the officer said "I would be able to pick him out among a thousand men." Before his departure from the gunshop, however, Rande espied a piece of an old hickory ramrod. He informed Mr. Lilly that he could put that little piece of wood to good use, and requested that it be given him. The request being granted, he soon left the building.

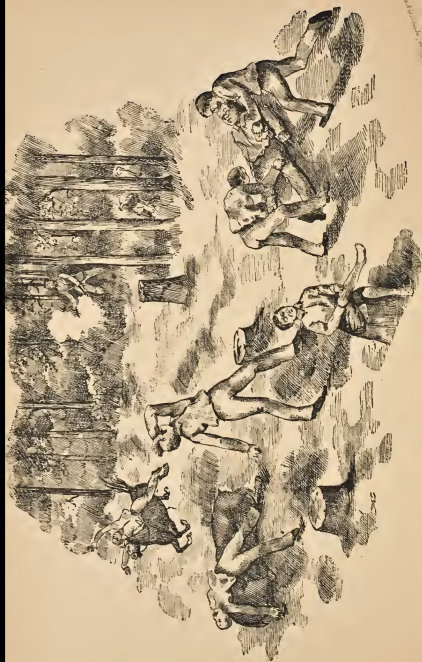
The next morning when Mr. Lilly visited his shop he found it had been burglarized, and eight revolvers carried away, among which were two large navies, that were of the kind and quality that would throw a bullet as accurately and as great distance as any army gun then in use. The writer cannot now remember that Mr. Lilly, at that particular time, suspected his friendly visitor of the day before of being the robber, but he does remember the burglary being reported both to the sheriff and police officers of Peoria, on the next morning after it occurred. Subsequent events, however, proved that the person who robbed Mr. Lilly's gunshop on the night of August 3d, was that greatest of all living outlaws who, at that time, signed his name "Frank Rande." This fact was made known when Frank Hitchcock, while searching over the Gilson battle field, picked up a short piece of ramrod, which chanced to lie in the path of the fleeing murderer.

That officer remembered the circumstances connected with the Elmwood robbery, and called to Mr. Lilly, who was one of the party, and inquired of him if he ever before saw that piece of wood. That gentleman fully identified the article, and stated how it went out of his possession. Of course, the fact seemed clear that the man who visited Lilly's gun store just two days prior, in the afternoon (and no doubt robbed the same that night), was the murderer they were then seeking to locate. This fact alone would not be much of a clue for some detectives to work on. However, Hitchcock did regard it as a point of some consequence. It gave him an idea of this desperado's mode of operation, and led to the fact that he never ceased operating, much after the same style, until he was run to earth in St. Louis, Mo., on the morning of November 16th, 1877, and enabled Hitchcock to keep track of his man in other ways than by the sub-

stantial clue he so successfully worked to the end. The reader will note the gun store at Elmwood was robbed on the night of August 3d, and that burglary was committed by Frank Rande, as hereafter will be shown.

Two days thereafter, on the fifth of the same month, that day being Sunday, this man Rande made his appearance at a farm house near Gilson, Knox county, Illinois. The above named village is situated about fifteen miles west of Elmwood. The owner of the farm alluded to was one Woodford Pearce. It was about noon of that day that Mr. Pearce who, with his family, had been absent at church, found on returning home that his house had been burglarized; and that, among other valuables stolen, the thief had secured \$75.00 in money. Mr. Pearce went out to look for the thief, and, finding his tracks, followed them to a cornfield. He aroused his neighbors, and a large number of men were soon in pursuit of the tramp. He was soon brought to bay, and at once began firing on his pursuers, using a navy revolver in each hand. A small boy, who chanced to be in the crowd, was shot in the foot, which exasperated the pursuers to the last degree. A number of men were on horseback, and a determined effort was made to capture the scoundrel; but the pursuers met with disaster. An estimable citizen, Mr. W. C. Belden, who was one of the pursuing party, was shot through the head and instantly killed. A number of shots were fired at the assassin, but his luck seemed as good as his aim, and he escaped injury. On his part, however, he shot another man through the lungs, and still another less seriously. While the unhurt were caring for the wounded, and standing stupefied about the dead body of Mr. Belden, the murderer made his escape. Two of the men were shot from their horses while in motion, with apparently the same coolness with which a sportsman would knock over a squirrel.

DESPERATE ENCOUNTER NEAR GILSON, ILL.



The whole country turned out to lend a helping hand in the effort that was then being made to run this murderer down, and five days afterward they came onto him forty miles southwest of Gilson. He, as usual, took to the woods. Here, again, he turned on his pursuers, without, however, doing any more serious damage than to put a bullet through the hat of a Swede, named Johnson.

The battle with the perpetrator of this robbery took place on Sunday, about 1 o'clock in the afternoon of August 5th. Sheriff Hitchcock was wired to come there at once, and he took the first train out of Peoria for that point, arriving on the ground about 9 o'clock that evening. Even at that hour, Hitchcock found but few men in or around that little village at home. They had not yet returned from their search for the murderer, and many of them did not get back until the next day. They had been in the saddle all night, patrolling different roads for many miles around, hoping to get a chance to draw a bead on the man who had, a few hours before, shot to death a friend and neighbor.

On Hitchcock's arrival at Gilson it was so late that he could do nothing more that night than listen to the reports of the bloody affair. Early the next morning he was out looking over the battle ground. The first thing that met his eye was the dead bodies of three fine horses, all of which had been shot to death from under their gallant riders while in pursuit of this desperado. The dead bodies of those three noble horses were anything but an agreeable sight, but what made the blood run cold in the veins of those good people living in that neighborhood, were the pools of human blood that were visible here and there all over the field where this desperate fight had taken place. And as each squad would ride in from its tiresome trip they would immediately seek out Sheriff Hitchcock to make to him their report. Hitchcock after-

wards said, "When those hungry and tired young men would gather around me in groups to make their report, I could readily see a determined sparkle in their eyes that indicated to me that the little town of Gilson and the country adjacent thereto, could produce as brave and well meaning a set of men as lived in Illinois." They were all anxious and willing to go at his bidding; but Hitchcock said, "No, boys, you have done all for the present that can be done; go home and get something to eat, and take a rest. Every officer along the line, and this side of the Mississippi river has been notified, and they are at this minute on the lookout. I am going back to Peoria on the evening train; the plan I have in mind as to how this case should be worked, can best be operated from that point, and before I go away I want to say to you people, I am going to get this murderer if it lies in my power to do so. Do not get impatient or discouraged at any delay on my part, I have to work slowly sometimes, and seldom make public my plans, but rest assured, boys, I am not going to have a good night's sleep until the murder of your friend and neighbor, W. C. Belden, is avenged." Some men in the crowd proposed three cheers for Sheriff Hitchcock, which were given with a will, and the most of them dispersed to their homes.

As previously stated, the finding of the ramrod was the first clue to the perpetrator of the Elmwood burglary. There was also found a hand-grip containing several revolvers that were afterwards identified by Mr. Lilly as a part of the goods stolen from his store. What proved to be the most important articles picked up in the path of this man's flight was an old coat and vest. These articles were recovered before Mr. Hitchcock's arrival. They had been thoroughly searched, and no papers, letters or articles of any kind found that would in the least show who the wearer was, or where he came from. Mr. Hitch-

cock was not quite satisfied with that investigation, and called for the coat and vest. With his knife he ripped both garments to pieces, and between the lining and body of the vest he found a little document that answered as the main clue by which this desperado's apprehension was afterwards made possible.

Mr. Hitchcock did not make known to the lookers on what he had found. However, from his subsequent manner and acts, it was thought he had made a valuable discovery. That this was the case will appear from the contents of this document, which is given below, verbatim.

AMERICAN EXPRESS Co., Elmwood, Ill.,

Aug. 3d, 1877.

MR. ED. WRIGHT, Pawnbroker,

Vine Street, St. Louis, Mo.

Sir:—I left a valise at your store July 4th, and your clerk lent me \$1.00, and charged me ten cents for the use of it for ten days; but as I have been sick for three weeks since that time, I could not send for it sooner. I send you fifty cents as interest and charges, and wish you to tie a piece of rope around the valise to keep it shut, and see that four books, Jones & Morrow practice of medicine, two volumes, and two copies of Byron's poems, and one soldier dress coat, pair of trousers, etc., are in it, and attach the enclosed card to it, and I will pay charges (express charges) to Decatur, where I will receive it, and oblige,

Yours respectfully,

FRANK RANDE, Elmwood, Ill."

The reader will observe that this note was evidently written the day he visited Elmwood. The reason Mr. Hitchcock assigned for its not being mailed at that point was, that between the time of writing the letter and placing it in the postoffice he, the writer, took occasion to visit Mr. Lilly's gunshop, and then and there made up his

mind that he would crack that institution before leaving the neighborhood, and that by showing up at the post-office that afternoon he might create suspicion. Sheriff Hitchcock, having in his secret possession the unmailed epistle, together with a most complete description of the culprit, returned to Peoria.

The first move then made by Hitchcock was to wire Chief of Police McDonald, of St. Louis, inquiring if the valise was still at that pawn shop. On receiving an answer in the affirmative, Hitchcock boarded the first train out for that city. On his arrival there he went directly to the Four Courts, and had a long consultation with the Chief of Police. That officer detailed Detectives Stewart and O'Neal to assist the Illinois sheriff in his investigations.

The first place they visited was Wright's pawn shop. They found Mr. Wright to be a gentleman in every sense of the word. He being an ex-member of the detective force himself, an explanation from Hitchcock as to the part he wished him to play in the matter did not have to be repeated. The valise was there, together with all the articles enumerated in the letter written at Elmwood. The writer will say he well remembers all the little details connected with the arrangements made with this pawn broker as to the part he should play in the drama, which, if published, to some would be instructive and interesting. But that, and much other matter connected with this case, will, for reasons heretofore explained, have to be cut short. The writer will further explain that he is now entering into that part of this true tale which shows the genius of that great detective, and he realizes more than ever that no part of the history of this case, from this point to the end, should be abbreviated. But want of space, if nothing more, renders it necessary.

It appears that the first work done by Hitchcock in

this case was on the theory that this man-killer was at one time a medical student. The books found, to some extent, indicated that fact, and to burst that bubble, if it was a bubble, as he calls it, he and the two St. Louis detectives visited every medical college or institute in that city, in hopes that they might get some back trail of him. That work proving fruitless, the theory that he might have been a soldier and a member of some Grand Army Post, was next taken up. The reason why that theory got into Hitchcock's head was this: Among his effects were found an ex-soldier's dress coat with the initials "T. E. W." stamped on the under side of the lapel, and a Grand Army badge pinned on the breast of the same. Therefore, to substantiate or explode that theory, Hitchcock had a circular letter printed, giving full description of "Rande," together with all the known aliases attached thereto, and mailed one to each Grand Army Post in the United States, requesting to know if any such party was now, or ever had been, a member of their Post. All answered quickly "No," and that with a big "N." By this time Hitchcock had figured out a substantial theory, which he never abandoned to the end, and that was that this man must be a monomaniac on the subject of highway robbery; not from the actual gain to be derived from that vocation, but from the pleasure he seemed to take in blowing the brains out of those who, in his mind, were interfering with his business. He also thought it was possible that this consignment of goods which then lay in Wright's pawn shop, was not all the goods "Frank Rande" might have in transit, and to satisfy himself on that point he went to Chicago and visited the main offices of the different express companies doing business west and south of that city, obtaining the signatures of their agents as a reference to a circular letter he afterwards mailed to all the important express offices in the states, inquiring about mysterious packages,

etc. Those letters were all mailed about the same time, and before an answer was received from any of them Hitchcock received a telegram from Wright, the pawnbroker at St. Louis, "to come there at once." Of course he went. On his arrival he found Wright had received a postal card from "Rande," ordering his goods sent by express to Decatur, Ill. This postal card seems to have been mailed at some point in Indiana on the Pan Handle railroad, the post mark indicating that fact. Hitchcock ordered the request complied with. Before the package started on its journey, however, that officer made haste to visit the American Express office at Decatur, Ill. He found in charge of that office one Mr. Werner, who had just the day before received one of his (Hitchcock's) circular letters. Werner was taken into the sheriff's confidence, and all the plans previously laid, together with those under contemplation, were in strict secrecy confided to him. It may be said now, so far as they related to any possible part this gentleman could perform, that Werner was not the only express agent who assisted Hitchcock in this case. They all performed their parts well. They were requested to keep secret all information pertaining to this case, asked for or given by them, and, let it be said to their everlasting credit, not one of them (and there were many) ever in the least degree betrayed the confidence the Peoria County Sheriff placed in them.

The part Werner was, by subsequent events, compelled to take in this matter, made him a very important factor in the case from that time on to the end. After that end came, the reporters for all the leading papers in Illinois and Missouri were the next evening gathered around the Illinois sheriff, their purpose being to obtain from him the true account of how this great case was worked. After his narrative had been given them, he said: "Now, gentlemen, I have one request to make, and

that is, in your write-up of this interview to-morrow, I want you to say I duly appreciate the services rendered me and my associate (the Chief of Police of Peoria) in working this case to a successful ending, for without such assistance I could never even have hoped for success. Detectives O'Neal and Stewart are officers of whom this great city should be proud. The work they did for me in this case could not have been better, and I wish to return to them my heartfelt thanks. And as to the express agents who rendered me invaluable service all along the line, I want to say, if they are as true to the interests of their employers as they have been to me, the companies they represent will always prosper." Hitchcock further added that he was under special obligations to Werner, the express agent at Decatur, Ill., for that gentlemen had in more ways than one rendered him special assistance in this matter, for which he sincerely hoped some day to be able to reciprocate.

We will now go back to Decatur, and tell what was said and done at that point. Hitchcock fixed it with the express agent, Werner. The goods should be received by him, and as it was thought "Rande" would call for them in a few days, it was deemed best, under the circumstances, not to apprise the police of that city as to what was going on. The Chief of Police of Peoria would remain in that city (in the background, of course), and in case "Rande" called for the package, the officer would be in easy reach. That program was followed for five days. Business calling the Chief to Peoria, Hitchcock took his place for five days more, at the end of which time he and Werner were consulting as to the advisability of making some other arrangements, although such a contingency was much regretted. Before this arrangement was consummated, however, the news of the awful tragedy at St. Elmo, Ill., was flashed over the wires. On a care-

ful analysis of all the particulars connected with that terrible fight, which had just the day before taken place between a desperado and a body of citizens, the circumstances, in every particular were found to be so identical with those of the Gilson robbery, which terminated with the killing of Belden and the severe wounding of three others, that Hitchcock gave it as his opinion that both crimes were committed by one and the same man. His mind being so well settled on that point, he told Werner, the express agent, there was not one bit of danger of "Frank Rande" putting in an appearance at that point, at least for some days. They would just leave matters "in statu quo," while he would run over to St. Elmo and do a little investigating. In the meantime, if anything should turn up they should telegraph the Chief of Police at Peoria.

On Hitchcock's arrival at St. Elmo, which was on Monday, September 10th, he found the people of that town, as well as those in the surrounding country, in a terribly excited state of mind; for only the Saturday before, two of their best citizens had been murdered, and others frightfully wounded, by a desperado whom, from the stories they told, to arrest would require at least an army of men. And now, a true sketch of the St. Elmo tragedy will probably convince the reader that those people were not far off in their predictions as to it taking an army of men to effect the arrest of this desperado.

About two miles west of the town lived a farmer named John R. Scoles. On Saturday, the 8th of September, Mr. Scoles' family went visiting, and remained away over Sunday; when, on returning, they found that the house had been entered, and articles taken. Mr. Scoles discovered a rough looking man skulking away carrying a valise, so he hurriedly stripped the harness from one of his horses, mounted and started in pursuit. The tramp looked carelessly over his shoulder when he heard the sound of the

horse's hoofs, but did not increase his leisurely gait. On the east of the meadow was a narrow roadway leading from the National Road northward through Scoles' farm. The tramp climbed the fence into this road, then faced around and drew a large navy revolver, remarking as he leveled the weapon at his pursuer: "Now, then, damn you, I've got you where I want you." With this preface he fired the first shot of that awful tragedy. Scoles fell from his horse, and the murderer sprang over the fence, went directly to his prostrate victim and fired two additional shots. Subsequent examination established the fact that the first ball, fired from a distance of one hundred and fifty yards, entered the abdomen about two inches below the navel; the second passed through the right hand and lodged in the right shoulder. The murderer then put the pistol under the left ear of his victim, and sent a bullet through his brain. Having satisfied himself that the work was completed, the fiend picked up his valise, jumped over a fence and disappeared in a cornfield. All this had been witnessed by the terror-stricken wife and children of the murdered man, and by a farmer named S. L. Schlott, who, from his wagon on the National Road, saw the whole affair, and heard the murderer make the little speech quoted above. When the murderer had disappeared in the cornfield, Schlott whipped up his horse and made all haste to St. Elmo, where he gave the alarm. Within twenty minutes, twenty men were armed, mounted and speeding away toward the scene of the tragedy. Arrived on the spot, the St. Elmo party found about a dozen farmers assembled, mounted on horses and carrying all sorts of weapons. Among them was Frank Wiseman, who had been at work in the field on his father's farm, one and a half miles distant, when he heard the horrible news, and had his horse taken from the plow, seized a rifle and galloped to the spot. The cornfield

which the murderer had entered was about two hundred yards in width and four hundred in length, the ends resting on the National Road and the Vandalia Railway; this field was surrounded and thoroughly searched, but it was discovered that the bird had flown to other quarters.

Just east of the cornfield lies a strip of timber thickly studded with underbrush, and the track of the fugitive led to this timber. East of the timber was a small stream called Sugar Creek. A long trestle of the Vandalia Railway spans this stream, and the ravine on either side of the bed of the creek. A strong guard was placed on the trestle to prevent the escape of the assassin in that direction. On the south of the timber lies the grade of the National Road, and along this grade a line of sentinels was posted. Sentinels were also placed along the land forming the western boundary of the wood, and on the railroad track on the north. These precautions having been taken, about a dozen men, armed with rifles and revolvers, began a thorough search of the timber. About half-past eleven o'clock the man on guard at the trestle work saw a villainous-looking scoundrel sneaking out of the underbrush and moving cautiously toward the bridge. They immediately opened fire with gun and pistol upon the fugitive, who, after returning the fire, retreated to the timber. He then passed through the underbrush to the south end of the wood, where he encountered Robert Brockelby and Charles Brown. The first-named gentleman was unarmed; the last carried only a small pistol, and the desperado succeeded in putting them both to flight with a few random shots.

Arriving at the National Road grade he encountered a line of pickets, on whom he opened fire without hesitation; but only a few of the citizens being armed, they gave way and allowed him to pass. He crossed the road and entered the timber on the south side, pursued by a dozen

or more men, mounted and on foot. Frank Barnes, of St. Elmo, not being mounted, jumped into a cornfield west of the wood lot, and passing south about two hundred yards, mounted the fence which separated the cornfield from the timber. He had been standing in that position but a moment when the assassin appeared from behind a cluster of bushes about eighty yards distant. Barnes, who was armed with a double-barreled shotgun loaded with buckshot, fired one barrel at the man and attempted to follow up with the other barrel, but it missed fire. A citizen was standing on the ground near Barnes, armed with a rifle, but made no attempt to use it. Barnes urged him to fire, but the fellow said he was afraid he could not hit the man at such a distance. Barnes took the rifle from his companion's hand, and still standing on the highest rail of the fence, drew a bead on the desperado, but before he could pull the trigger the murderer fired, the ball entering Barnes' face at the base of the nose, on the left side, passing upward through the brain. The victim fell to the ground without a groan, dead. Meanwhile several horsemen had entered the woods from the National Road. Among the latter was Frank Wiseman, mounted on a fiery young horse, carrying a light rifle. He rode around the cluster of bushes which the desperado passed through, and as Barnes was in the act of raising his rifle to shoot, Wiseman also drew a bead on the desperado, but his horse was restless and could not be managed. The murderer fired the fatal shot at Barnes, then wheeled and fired at Wiseman. At that instant Wiseman's horse was doing a pirouette, and the leaden messenger entered the victim's head about one inch to the rear of, and a little below the left ear, passing through the head and out at the base of nose, on the right side. The blood spurted in great jets from both ends of the wound and from the mouth. Wiseman still kept his seat in the saddle, and repeatedly at-



KILLING OF BARNES AND WOUNDING OF OTHERS, AT ST. ELMO, ILL.

tempted to draw a bead on the desperado, but each time he made the attempt, the flow of blood blinded him. Finally he clinched his gun and attempted to run down the assassin, but others of the party seized his horse and prevented him, by main force, from riding to certain death. He was taken from his horse, placed in a spring wagon and sent to the house of his brother, John Wiseman, in St. Elmo. While most of the citizens were engaged in caring for the wounded Wiseman and dead Barnes, the murderer, by a few well-directed shots, mowed his way through the lines. The horses of George Long and a man named Woodworth were shot, the former in the shoulder, the latter in the neck, one bullet peeling George Sidenar's right eyebrow from his forehead, causing the gentleman to lose all interest in the chase. Having forced a passage way through the ranks of his enemies, the desperado started on a run through an open wood toward a deep ravine, about one-fourth of a mile southwest. This ravine could be entered from the woods by passing under a bridge over Sugar Creek, which at that season is perfectly innocent of water. On the bridge two men had been stationed for the purpose of preventing the passage of the fugitive. The valiant pair saw the terrible fellow coming, and waited to get but one glance of that desperate face, then fled down the road. The murderer passed into the ravine and was seen no more by his pursuers.

The ravine is about two hundred yards wide and one mile long, and is filled with a thick growth of briar, underbrush and small timber. At certain places one is compelled to get down on hands and knees and crawl through the bushes. A better hiding place could not be found. The first move on the part of the pursuing party was to surround this ravine as completely as possible with the force at hand. Many attempted to explore the bushes, but accomplished nothing. By nightfall a large

number of persons had arrived on the scene fully armed, and what was meant to be a sharp look-out was maintained through the night ; but, as the event proved, the desperado was equal to the occasion. The night was one of inky darkness, and the drizzling rain, which had been falling all day, continued throughout the night. When morning dawned, several farmers arrived from points south of the scene of the tragedy, and reported that the murderer passed south during the night. Investigation soon satisfied the officers that this was true. The murderer had stolen a horse from a field about one mile south of the southern limit of the ravine ; half a mile further on, he entered a barn and stole a saddle and bridle ; still further on, he went into the house of a German farmer and stole a hat—his own hat was lost in the bushes, where it was found by the officers. When morning came the stolen horse was found hitched to a post in Laclede, a small village on the Illinois Central road, twenty miles south of Effingham. At 6 o'clock on the same morning the murderer visited the store of Mr. Richardson, in Farina, four miles south of Laclede, where he purchased some crackers and cheese, that being the last seen or heard of him in that part of the country.

It can be said if Sheriff Hitchcock, before visiting St. Elmo, Illinois, entertained the slightest doubt as to the man who murdered Belden, and the one who had just shot to death two citizens of the town mentioned, being one and the same, that doubt then and there ceased to exist : and as he (Hitchcock) had his plans all in operation, by which he expected sooner or later to have this desperado, dead or alive, he was too shrewd an officer to give away anything, either as to who he thought the murderer might be, or what he thought he could do in the way of apprehending him. Strange to say, it seemed to be the universal opinion in the region where the trag-

edy occurred, that the murderer was one Frank Nicholas, a desperado and rascal well known in Effingham, where he had been spending the most of his time. Nicholas was about twenty-six years of age, and had served a term in the penitentiary for manslaughter. The offense was that of killing one William Howe, a saloon keeper in Effingham, in 1871.

It appears Nicholas was pardoned by the governor before he had served out his full time, and had returned home just one week prior to this tragedy, and was seen in the neighborhood of St. Elmo on Friday, the day before the murder took place, and was known to have inquired about the welfare of one of the men who had just been murdered. Of course, their belief as to Nicholas' guilt was not of the character to cause them to do him any bodily harm, even though they were anxious enough to get the real murderer in their hands; and, if they could accomplish that purpose, they would hang him to the highest limb without even giving him a chance to say his prayers.

After Hitchcock became satisfied that those people would not punish an innocent person, he thought best not to give up anything. In fact, he was rather pleased than otherwise that they were not "on," as it is termed. He encouraged the publication of their theory, which, no doubt, when read by Rande, caused him to still continue operating after the same fashion without even changing his territory.

However, the citizens of that neighborhood would not be appeased until Frank Nicholas was arrested; and, after a great effort on the part of a few to identify him as the murderer, they were forced to release him from custody. That was not done until within a few days of the time of the real murderer's arrest at St. Louis, Mo.

CHAPTER II

After Hitchcock satisfied the people of St. Elmo that in case they failed to establish the guilt of young Nicholas he would then take a hand and see what he could do in the premises, he returned home, stopping at Decatur, and held a conversation with Werner, the express agent, it being almost two weeks since the time it was expected Rande would put in an appearance. It was agreed, too, that the keeping of a Peoria officer at that point could be dispensed with. Knowing so well the character of Rande, it was further agreed that under no circumstances would the police of that city be called upon to make the arrest. Not because the police of Decatur were lacking in courage, nor for any other reason, only from the fact that they, or at least some of them, would have to be let into the great secret, and as this one was of so much importance, no officer other than Chief McDonald, of St. Louis, and Detectives O'Neal and Stewart, of that city, ever received a hint from Hitchcock that he was hot on the trail of the most dangerous man then living.

On Hitchcock's arrival at home he found two letters awaiting him, one from Gibson City and the other from Paris, Ill., each from express agents at those points, requesting him to come at once and investigate packages. On his arrival, sure enough, he found at each place a rude old box about eighteen inches square, filled with old trumpery with a card attached stating, "hold this box until further orders."

The handwriting showed plainly that the goods were

left at both places by the same man, and that man was Frank Rande. The arrangement was made between Hitchcock and the two agents that the goods were to remain in their possession until called for, which was not likely to occur, or until ordered sent to some other point. In that event Hitchcock would be wired the facts immediately.

That officer was not permitted to remain at home many days at a time. He would scarcely have finished up one investigation of the kind last mentioned, until he would be called to some other village or town on a like mission. That program was kept up for days and weeks, until the following named cities were visited either by Hitchcock or the Peoria Chief of Police. Of those in Illinois, in addition to that of Gibson City and Paris, were Champaign, Bloomington and Springfield. Those in Indiana were: Newport, Williamsport, Sullivan, Evansville, Logansport and Lafayette. At each place the request to call was made by an express agent, and for the same purpose. The visits were made to Gibson City and Paris, and the results of the investigations made were almost identical with the ones just spoken of. At one place there would be a cracker box, at another an old valise, and at one or two places were found hand-grips, all of which were filled with articles of no great value, of the kind and quality which gave evidence that they had been stolen from farm houses. To guard against the loss of any part of the goods, by falling to pieces of any package, each box and bundle was made secure by being well tied up with rope and straps.

Each package was found to be labeled precisely as those were at Gibson City and Paris. There was no variation in the instructions given to the express agents. Hitchcock by this time settled upon his plan by which he expected, sooner or later, to run this demon to earth. Of course

many may say, "why was there not a trap set for him at some of the towns he was then visiting, by which his arrest could have been effected much sooner than it was?" The answer is, that would have been an experiment with much risk attached, for two reasons. One was that no living human could tell what place Rande would next strike, and, secondly, preparations on a scale equal to that for the purpose of repulsing a mob of fifty men would have to be made at half the cities in Illinois and Indiana. This man seemed to travel over the country something after the style of a dog affected with hydrophobia. He traveled no particular road for any great distance, nor did he seem to care what point of the compass he followed. One other reason for not adopting this plan was, that all officers given the tip would have to be apprised of the fact that unless they got the first drop, they themselves would bite the dust, all of which was true; and, being compelled to deal out such instructions by the wholesale, the Sheriff, with a head that possessed some forethought, said "No."

At that time the *Chicago Daily Times* had a correspondent in every village situated within a radius of three hundred miles from Chicago by which that paper was enabled to and did receive and publish in detail all events of a sensational character, together with a full account of all robberies and burglaries committed within the above specified territory. Hitchcock read the criminal column of that paper every morning as carefully as a minister does his text. In that way he kept himself well posted as to the territory over which this bandit was traveling. The writer has seen him clip from that paper accounts of burglaries that he believed to have been committed by Frank Rande, regarding which subsequent events and statements from that desperado's own lips proved the correctness of that officer's theory. It can be said that

there were times during the wait for an opportunity to carry out his plans when Mr. Hitchcock became very anxious and somewhat uneasy, for fear his bird was "on," as it is called; and the depositing of almost worthless packages at so many different points was an act to mislead the officers. However, those motives would only occasionally flash across the great detective's mind.

He appeared to have but one substantial theory in his head as to the surest and safest way this murderer could be corralled. Consequently he would not, and did not, materially change his working plans from the beginning to the end. The writer will further state that in all private conversations had between himself and Sheriff Hitchcock (and they were many) during the time the mysterious packages were being investigated, that officer would not swerve from the one important point linked together with others which completed the whole theory he was so earnestly trying to work. And that was that Frank Randé would never so far lose his interest in that St. Louis package, that an effort on his part to recover the same would be abandoned.

It was the 20th or 21st day of October, about two o'clock in the afternoon, while Hitchcock and the Peoria Chief of Police were engaged in conversation, when a messenger boy came running up to Hitchcock and handed him a yellow envelope, which proved to contain a message from Werner, the express agent at Decatur, requesting Sheriff Hitchcock to come to that city at once. The chief accompanying him, they arrived in Decatur at six that p. m.

Werner met them at the depot and handed Hitchcock a postal card he had just received that noon, which read as follows :

"EXPRESS AGT., Decatur, Ill. Will you please inform me by postal card what the charges are on my brown leather valise, sent from St. Louis, Mo., about the last of July, 1877. I will send the charges on receipt of card.
Address,

FRANK RANDE,
Kokomo, Ind."

This postal card was not dated, but bore the postmark of Lafayette, Ind. It is needless to say that this point of information was considered of much importance. Werner was instructed to comply with the request. The card was not to be mailed, however, for thirty-six hours, which would give the Peoria officers time to return home and bid their families good-bye; the chances being that it would be their last meeting on this earth. Then they would reach Kokomo themselves, in sufficient time to arrange matters with the postmaster as to the privileges asked for, etc.

All went well for a time. The officers arrived at Kokomo about ten o'clock the following evening. Ascertaining where the postmaster lived (obtaining the information from a little colored boy), they went directly to that gentleman's house. He had retired for the night, but got up in answer to a ring from the door bell.

The writer is sorry to have forgotten that official's name. This much, however, is certain—he was colonel of one of those famous regiments which Indiana furnished Abe Lincoln to help crush out the Rebellion. He was known to be a brave soldier, and that, to some extent, accounted for his being a sensible man and a gentleman, which he was in every meaning of the word.

The Colonel (the name we will hereafter call him) greeted the two strangers very pleasantly, and when they informed him that they were officers from Illinois and wished to consult him on a very important matter, they

were invited to take seats in the parlor. The Colonel became very much interested when Sheriff Hitchcock was narrating the object of his visit, and interrupted that officer by saying: "Pardon me, I want to inquire, are you the real Capt. Frank Hitchcock we read so much about in the Chicago and St. Louis papers?" That question being answered in the affirmative, the Colonel said: "Go on with your narrative, Captain."

After a full explanation had been made, the Colonel said: "I am at your service, and in addition I will with pleasure grant you all privileges asked for, and as to your remaining under cover in the postoffice, you can do that also."

The Colonel said his only assistant in the postoffice was his wife, and insisted that she should be called up and receive her instructions. Hitchcock protested that would be asking too much of the lady at that late hour. The Colonel said, "No; she reads the papers and knows you by reputation. I will inform her who is in the house. She will get up all right." The writer could observe a small blush on Hitchcock's face (caused by too much taffy, of course), but he said nothing, and the lady soon made her appearance. She seemed to be not in the least annoyed at the disturbance to which she had been subjected. She gave an attentive ear to the narrative given by the Illinois officers and fully acquiesced in all arrangements made between them and her husband. The preliminaries now being settled, these good people insisted upon the two officers remaining with them the few hours left of the night (it being then one o'clock in the morning). They thanked them for their generosity, and bidding them good morning, made for a hotel as quickly as possible, and were soon in bed sound asleep. They were up early in the morning and found themselves in a hustling little city of fully ten thousand inhabitants. The two

officers learned on the evening before that their man had not yet called for his postal card. That was agreeable news. They knew the card would not arrive until the morning mail, and they also knew he was a restless soul (if he had a soul), and would not lie around long in wait for a letter.

They had no free delivery in that city. Everybody called for his mail, the postoffice hours being from seven a. m. to twelve m., one p. m. to eight p. m. It was arranged that one of the officers should remain in the office during all the time the same was open to the public, taking a position where he would be unobserved, and just back of the delivery clerk. Both officers went on duty the first morning, and with the exception of the noon hour, remained at their post the entire day. With one variation that program was kept up for eleven days. The variation being that Hitchcock thereafter put in his entire time visiting cities and villages adjacent to that of Kokomo, with hope, if he did not have the luck to meet his man in person, he might at least obtain some information, in case he failed to show up at the latter city, that would assist in his location at some other point.

The other Peoria officer was faithful to the trust imposed upon him. He remained at his post thirteen hours a day, expecting every minute that most desperate of all living outlaws would leisurely walk in and inquire of the assistant postmaster (the Colonel's clever and obliging little wife) "if there is any mail for Frank Rande." For reasons that will be hereafter explained, that inquiry was never made.

Hitchcock would return to Kokomo every evening, usually arriving in time to put in several hours visiting resorts in which this man would most likely be found, if in the city.

As before stated, the postal card sent to the express

agent at Decatur, Ill., bore the postmark of Lafayette, Ind., and on one of the trips made by Hitchcock he visited that city, and while there learned from the express agent that on the day on which the postal card was supposed to have been mailed, this desperado was seen in their city by at least a dozen men. Of course none of them knew he was wanted. But there was something about his looks, manner and actions which attracted the attention of many, causing them to mention that fact in the hearing of the agent. Although he did not meet the stranger on that occasion, he was quite certain he was the man so much wanted.

This information was good so far as it went. However, about the only benefit derived from it was, it served a purpose by way of a subject for those two weary and anxious officers to talk about. As before stated, the two Peoria officers remained at that point for a little over a week and a half. There were former occasions when each of the two officers performed laborious and perilous duties, but never was there a time of the same duration when their work was more tiresome, with a greater amount of real anxiety attached, than on this occasion. For this last known request on the part of Rande having been made not only of the person, but through the channel they most desired, gave to them what they thought to be a "straight tip." He would surely show up in that city. His failure to do so, however, was a matter of much regret on the part of those two almost worn out and forlorn looking officers. At Kokomo, as at all other cities excepting St. Louis, the police were not consulted. Hitchcock, having registered his name as that of George Hovenden, place of residence, Chicago, Ill., the other Peoria officer wrote his name on the hotel register, John Kelly, hailing from the same city as Hovenden.

Hitchcock, when away from home on occasions of this

nature, dressed in his usual modest way, while his assistant on this occasion wore a suit, from silk cap down, of the style usually worn by railroad conductors (minus the brass buttons), and always had in his possession the documents (bogus of course) showing that he was a railroad boy in good standing, and at that particular time was enjoying a thirty days' lay-off.

Of course these documents were never used to deceive or court favors from either railroad officials or their employes. They were sometimes brought into use for a very material purpose, and were furnished by that old reliable railroad man, Henry Seed, of Peoria, on request made of him by his friend, Sheriff Hitchcock.

The officers had now made up their minds that to prolong their stay at that point would be useless, and had so notified the postmaster. That clever ex-Colonel, as well as his good wife, expressed much sorrow on account of their visitors' failure in accomplishing the purpose for which they had worked so hard and earnestly. However, they said, "the best of friends must part," and this noble little woman, being a good Christian, promised when she bade the officers good-bye that she would not forget them in her prayers. The last meeting of the officers and postmaster was at the latter's house, about 7 o'clock the night before the start for Peoria was made. Soon after the post-office closed its doors, before Hitchcock and his partner had partaken of their supper, while standing under the shadow of a tree near one of the city banks, two big, burly policemen, with revolvers in hand, stepped up and placed them under arrest.

Mr. Hitchcock, doing the talking for himself and partner, demanded an explanation. They said their orders were to run us in. Matters could be explained after we got to the calaboose, etc.

That turn of affairs placed the Peoria officers in a

terrible dilemma. Of course they could not afford to resist arrest, nor would they, under existing circumstances, be searched and have their identity exposed for a thousand dollars. Hitchcock begged like a good fellow "not to be taken to the police station." The police would not at first listen to one word he said. However, while on the way to the cooler they were induced to stop for a minute at the hotel where the prisoners had been staying. Of course the proprietor of that establishment knew nothing more about the men than the fact that they had been stopping with him for almost two weeks and had paid their bills, and so far as his knowledge went, he "believed them to be square men." This was not quite satisfactory to the police. At this stage of affairs the Chief of Police was sent for, as also the postmaster; and when the good Colonel put in an appearance he soon satisfied the police officers of their great mistake. He informed the minions of the law that those two gentlemen whom they had placed under arrest, supposing them to be bank robbers, were friends of his and his family, and guilty of no wrong or wrong intent.

That settled it. They were released and the necessary apologies made and accepted. The Chief's excuse for this act was: "Those men had been reported to him soon after their arrival in the city, and their actions were so mysterious that he had caused them to be placed under shadow. His explanation of the mysterious actions on their part was that it was known that one of them (meaning Hitchcock) left the city every morning, returning in the evening of the same day, and would usually be seen in company with his partner at a late hour of the night prowling around the streets, and on their rambles would visit all the boarding houses and saloons in the city," and adding: "What made their actions more suspicious, this man (pointing to Hitchcock) very seldom entered any of

those places, but would remain in the back ground while this chap (pointing to Peoria's Chief of Police) would go in and out of every building of that kind they passed, and about the last move they made before retiring for the night was to stop under the big tree near the National Bank and have a quiet chat." When the Chief finished his explanation as to what prompted him to order the arrest of the two strangers, the Colonel said "that's all right, Chief, no one is going to blame you for your action," and added, "I know those men to be all right." As before stated, the Chief said, "that settles it." The Peoria officers were released without any more ceremony other than that an agreement was entered into by which nothing whatever should be said about the little mistake. And so far as is known on that point, that agreement has been faithfully kept until the present day.

They left the city the following morning on an early train, stopping off at Logansport, and did not reach Peoria until about noon of the next day. Both officers were anxious to get home, fearing an exposure of their movements in attacks through the public press for neglect of official duty on their part, etc. However, they found that on this occasion, as on many others, but few people knew they had been absent from the city. The Sheriff's office, as well as that of the Police Department, were, while in the absence of their chiefs, kept up to their high standard. There was no hitch or kick from any quarter. How could there be, with that most efficient and reliable Sam Gill in charge of the Sheriff's Office, and that never-tiring and shrewd little officer, Captain Lincoln, at the head of affairs in the Police Department? Nevertheless, both officers were glad to be at home once more alive, and take a little needed rest. That rest was of short duration, for on the afternoon of the third day after their arrival, Hitchcock received another message

from Werner, express agent at Decatur, Ill., summoning him to that city at once. On this, as on former occasions, the Chief of Police accompanied him. They arrived in that city about 8 p. m. and, as was expected, Werner met them at the depot. On this trip he had a very important as well as an interesting report to make. It was early in the afternoon of that day the real Frank Rande, the man-killer, had called in person at his office and demanded his valise and contents, the same having been sent there from St. Louis. The agent informed his visitor (after referring to his books) that the package had been there, but had been returned to St. Louis. The desperado demanded an explanation. The agent explained, after carefully examining his books and a couple of letters (which had by Hitchcock's orders been doctored and fixed up for the occasion) that on receiving the package from St. Louis there was a little bill accompanied the package, said to be due one Mr. Wright, the sender. "I also, at same time, received a letter from the same party, that when package was called for, in addition to express charges, 'See that this bill is paid' before package should go out of my possession. I was further instructed by the sender, Mr. Wright, that in no event would I be allowed to hold the goods for a greater period than fifteen days, unless called for by owner and all charges paid." Adding, he could do nothing more than carry out his written instructions, which he had done. He wished now he had held the package a few days longer, but he had sent it back to Wright, and that act on his part could not now be recalled.

Rande seemed to be satisfied with what Werner had done in the premises, but heaped many curses upon the head of the St. Louis pawnbroker. He called him a damned scurfy dog, a thief and a scoundrel. He said he would get even with him, etc., and declared his intention

of going to St. Louis as quickly as his legs would carry him, and "The first thing I will do," said he, "on my arrival in that big town, will be to call on that pawnbroker and show him a trick he will not forget the balance of his sweet life." With that last declaration, he bade Werner good afternoon, leisurely walking away, and taking the direction that would lead him to the city which he indicated so strongly was the point he was going to endeavor to make. After obtaining those facts, Hitchcock ordered the Peoria Chief to take the first train south for St. Louis, which he did, arriving at that point early on the following morning. Hitchcock secured a rig and, with the express agent accompanying him, started in hot pursuit of the fugitive, by way of the wagon road. It was late when this start was made and, after driving all night and a good part of the next day, they were unable to obtain the slightest clue to what road their man might be traveling, or if he changed his course after leaving Decatur.

Hitchcock being fully convinced that Frank Rande would, sooner or later, visit St. Louis, and when he did his wild career would be at an end, and knowing that all arrangements for Rande's reception at that point had by that time been made, and could not be made more perfect by his presence, concluded to return to Peoria, from which city he was liable at any minute to be called to some other point where this devil might by chance put in an appearance. On the next day after his arrival in Peoria, he received word from St. Louis, by way of a letter from the Peoria Chief, the contents of which are herewith given :

ST. LOUIS, Nov. 9, 1877, 9:30 p. m.

FRANK HITCHCOCK, Peoria, Ill.:

Dear Sir:—I arrived in this city (as stated in the message) at eight o'clock yesterday morning. I immediately visited Wright's pawnshop and reported my presence in

the city. Your message of the evening before had been delivered all right. He (Wright) agreed to take care of matters until my return from the Four Courts, which place I visited before taking the time to eat my breakfast. I found Chief McDonald in his office. I also found that official in a little better humor and much more communicative than he was on the occasion of our last meeting. He was willing to listen to my full report, and showed a disposition to coincide with a few of my suggestions. I remained in his office until our future plan of operation was complete in its every detail. I will now submit the same to you, Frank. I hope you will approve of the same, and so indicate by wire to Chief McDonald; you know what a peculiar old man he is. I want to keep him good-natured until we close up this job. You know Wright's shop is situated on Vine street, three doors off of Fourth street, which makes the crossing of those two streets less than a half block from Wright's place. Two policemen are stationed there, for the purpose of conducting pedestrians across the street. Those police come on duty at nine o'clock in the morning and remain on duty until four in the afternoon. Wright opens his shop at six in the morning, which remains open until nine in the evening. I am at the shop when it opens up and remain there until these two officers come on duty. I then go to my breakfast, the arrangement being if Rande should put in an appearance in my absence, Wright will give the signal to his clerk, who will step out and call the two officers in to make the "collar." After I have had my breakfast I return to pawnshop, remaining there until three in the afternoon, at which time I go out and partake of a lunch, returning to the shop before the above-mentioned police leave their post, and remain there until it closes in the evening. I have a very tiresome task to perform, and do hope the anxiety will soon be over.

The Chief tells me he has instructed the two policemen that they may be called upon to arrest a bad man. I do hope they will have that job to perform. I do not think he made any explanation to the officers other than the one of his being a "bad man." You see from my letter heading I am stopping at the Everett House. It is situated on Fourth street, and only a few doors south of Vine. It is a good house, and very close to my place of business. Well, Frank, it is getting quite late. I must go to bed and get some rest. Do not forget to send that message to the Chief, and write me as often as you have time. I will report to you every other day.

Yours most obediently,

JOHN.

On the next morning the Peoria Chief received a letter from Hitchcock, which had been written before his receipt of the one noted above and mailed to him the night before. In this letter he explained his and his friend Werner's unsuccessful hunt for Rande's trail after his leaving Decatur. He said: "Of course we could not expect to run onto him in any other way than by accident. We were handicapped from the fact that we did not dare make inquiries of any one, and could only trust to luck, and the luck did not come our way." He also stated in this letter that he "did not think Rande would reach St. Louis for a few days," and added: "Do not get slack in your watch, Rande will be there, sure." Then he closed his letter by urging the necessity of reporting to him daily, and stated, by way of postscript, that "he was going on the next day to visit Springfield, Ill., and see what he could find out in that neck of the woods." On the evening of the 11th, the writer received the second letter from Hitchcock, in which he stated that on the day before he had visited Springfield, Ill., he being called there for the purpose of examining a package which was then in the express office at that city.

In explaining its contents he said: "I will not go into detail of what the package looked like, or what it contained. I will only say the contents consisted of the same worthless stuff, labeled the same, every mark showing plainly that it was put in transit by the man he was working so hard to bring to justice." He also said: "I know you are having a disagreeable and tiresome job, and get but little rest, but you must remember I am not idle; am going night and day. I guess you can stand it as long as I can;" and before closing the letter he wanted to know if I had made the discovery as to where Rande had got those books, and if McDonald had detailed O'Neal to help me, etc.

The writer now has in his possession all letters and telegrams that passed between Hitchcock and himself during his (the writer's) stay in St. Louis; therefore, the explanation of what occurred the nine days he was watching for Rande to put in an appearance can be more plainly made known by giving the correspondence as it occurred then between himself and Hitchcock.

On the 13th, the Peoria officer answered Hitchcock's letter dated Peoria, Ill., Nov. 10th, of which answer the following is an exact copy:

ST. LOUIS, MO., Nov. 13, 1877, 7 o'clock a. m.

DEAR FRANK:—Your letter of the 10th just received all right. In answer will say, everything at this end of the line is running all O. K. Our man has not made his appearance yet. We are expecting every minute to see him walk in the door—and if he does, there will be a rattling of the dry bones. Wright thinks we can make the collar dead easy. Of course you and I think differently, and I have done my best to get that whim out of his head. He rather intimated that officers from the country (as he called them) were, as a rule, lacking in

sand. That made me mad. I said "Old boy, if you think that of me, I dare you to take the part I am to take and I will make the collar." He apologized and said "No, everything goes as first arranged."

Frank, the arrangements between Wright and myself are this: You know how the store is situated, it is a long one. My loafing place is near the stove. Wright prides himself on his athletic powers, and in case Rande comes in, that minute I am to start for the door with a large bundle under one arm. This move will cause the culprit to think I am a customer. About the time I am to pass out of the door, Wright is to call me back and suggest I have the wrong bundle. I will stop, but not come close enough for the proprietor to satisfy himself on that point. That gives Wright a chance to get from behind the counter. If he accomplishes that feat before Rande thinks of pulling his gun, he will have him by the neck with both hands, and while he is doing the choking act I will be disarming him. You wanted to know if Chief McDonald detailed O'Neal to help me. Yes, he did, but Wright and I both thought best for him to stay out of the store. His presence would cause suspicion. However, he is always with me when I am not on duty.

Wright closed up his place one hour earlier last night and the night before to give O'Neal and me a chance to look up the former owners of those books. I find the two medical books which bore the trademark of Linahan (who conducts a book stall about three squares from Wright's place) together with the book of poems, were purchased from that gentleman the day before they were placed in the pawn shop. Linahan's sale book shows that fact. There is not one bit of doubt that Rande made the purchase. Linahan remembers the transaction and was able to give a very good description of his customer, which tallied with that of Rande to a dot.

The two medical books were formerly owned by one Dr. George W. Hall, of this city; Linahan having purchased them of that gentleman. We also located Miss Mary Hogan, whose name appeared on the fly leaf of the third book. She remembered the book well, but did not have the slightest idea as to how it went out of her possession, unless it had been stolen. She had not missed the book until we made this inquiry. When we reported these facts to the bookseller, he proved by his day book that the same party got all three books of him. O'Neal and I then made up our minds that the old man had bought Miss Hogan's book from a sneak thief.

Frank, it is now time for me to go and get my breakfast. I am as hungry as a wolf. For goodness sake, Frank, don't miss visiting the police station every day you are in the city, and the days you are absent send Deputy Gill. If there is any stealing going on advise with the boys. They will do anything you tell them, if it is to swim the Illinois river. See Mayor Robison, too, if you can, and square matters with him.

Good-bye,

JOHN.

The reader will note that the above explains the plan by which the Peoria officer and Ex-Detective Wright were going to overpower this desperado in case the opportunity presented. Of course it never entered their heads that on his coming he might have a friend with him who would be willing to spill a little human blood if occasion made it necessary so to do to save his partner. But from all accounts this desperado never courted company. He had been known, so far, to fight his own battles single handed and alone. Hence the above arrangement was considered the best that could be made. Yet, as will be shown further on, when Rande made his appearance at the pawnshop, accompanying him was a vicious look-

ing tramp. Although he proved to be as inoffensive as a lamb, that fact not being known by the brave officers who made the arrest, no doubt caused one of them to lose his life, and in case he, Rande, and his tramp friend had called at the pawnshop when the Peoria officer was on watch, the result no doubt would have been more disastrous than it was. On the morning of the 15th the following letter was received from Hitchcock:

PEORIA, ILL., Nov. 13th, 1877.

DEAR JOHN.—I received your letter this morning and will hasten to reply. Allow me to congratulate you and our friend O'Neal in running down the owners of those books. When you were at that work no doubt you felt as if you ought to be in bed taking your rest; but allow me to say, you boys made a point in that discovery (as you did not mention it in your letter, I guess you did not grasp the same) that has done more to brace up my belief that Rande will visit St. Louis, than anything which has occurred before or since his visit to Decatur. The strong point is this: Rande never stole those books. He bought them with his own money. He picked them out from among thousands. They were just what he wanted. He has sacredly kept track of them from that day to this, and he is crazy fool enough to travel five hundred miles on foot to once more get them in his possession. Now, let me beg of you not to become discouraged. Keep a sharp lookout. He will be there, sure. I think the agony (as you call it) will soon be over. If he does not show up before the 20th, I will come down and take your place. I was in Bloomington yesterday, and am going to visit that city again in a day or two. Everything is lovely in your department, as quiet as a graveyard around the city hall. I have not seen Mayor Robison yet; will try and see him to-day. If the thieves should turn a trick while

you are gone, I will help the boys out. Don't you worry any on that score. Well, good-bye, my boy.

FRANK.

On the evening of the 15th the Peoria officer wrote his last letter, pertaining to this case, to Sheriff Hitchcock. The officer did not receive the same until the wires carried the news to him that Frank Rande was arrested. The letter was as follows:

ST. LOUIS, Nov. 16, 1877, 9:30 p. m.

DEAR FRANK;—Your last letter received. I am glad everything is all right at home. I am sorry you have not seen Robison. There is no man, living or dead, that ever held the office of Mayor of that city who put any more confidence in his Chief, or indulged him more in his whims than that man Robison has me; and, my good Lord! when the close of our term of office is so close at hand I do not want him, at the last minute, to go back on me. You see him and explain matters, and I will say no more about it.

Well, Frank, after your explanation as to your original theory being strengthened by way of the book racket, I can now see the point very plainly, and to tell you the truth, I feel it in my bones he will be here soon. I bet Wright the cigars to-day we would have our fight with Rande inside of twenty-four hours. I do not know what makes me think and feel that way, but I do all the same. I could not eat much supper to-night. My appetite has gone back on me somewhat. I guess he must be coming. You know I am a little superstitious, anyway. My regards to Sam Gill and love to your family.

Good-bye, JOHN.

After spending a restless night, the Peoria officer was up early, and when the doors of the pawnshop were opened he was there to take his old position behind the stove.

It was the custom of the office boy to open up the store in the morning, and by the time he got the floor swept and furniture dusted, the proprietor would make his appearance. This morning was no exception to the rule. The office boy opened up, the officer above mentioned entered the building at the same time, and in about twenty-five minutes Ed. Wright, the proprietor, walked in. Wright was by nature mild tempered and jolly. On this particular morning he was in an unusually merry mood. He greeted the Peoria officer cordially, and wanted to know if he had brought along the cigars. The officer said, "No; I guess you had better wait until the twenty-four hours are up." The pawnbroker said, "Very well, I have as good as got them won. My time for smoking is about 10 o'clock. By the way, that is about the time you get back from your breakfast. Don't forget them, will you?" "That's all right, I hope you will win them. Don't bother me now Ed.," said the officer, "I have struck something in the morning paper that interests me."

The officer became so interested in the morning news that he did not know his temporary relief, the two policemen, had made their appearance. His attention had to be called to that fact, and that he had better get a hustle on himself and go to breakfast. When that officer left the store he well remembered consulting his watch, and found the time to be nine o'clock and six minutes. On his way to his hotel he met Detective O'Neal and invited him to take breakfast with him. The invitation was accepted, and the two went directly to the hotel, which was located not more than half a block from the pawnshop, but not on the same street.

The dining hall of the hotel was so situated that you could plainly see pedestrians as they passed along the sidewalk. The officers had just got seated at the table when O'Neal called the Peoria officer's attention to the

people running up the street. He himself, as a city officer, felt it his duty to investigate as to the cause for all the excitement.

On opening the door he called to the Peoria officer: "Get your hat and come on; the crowd is turning down Vine street. I believe your man has come." Both officers hurried to the center of attraction. Sure enough, the desperado had at last made his appearance. The awful struggle was over; the police were beating the crowd back to make way for the ambulance and patrol wagon.

The following true account of what had just a few minutes before happened in Mr. Wright's store was the published account as it appeared in the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat* on the morning after that memorable struggle, the same having been clipped from that great news journal and sacredly kept by the writer until the present day.

CHAPTER III.

DESPERATE DEEDS.

FEARFUL FIGHT IN A VINE STREET PAWNSHOP.

RANDE, THE ST. ELMO AND GILSON MURDERER, CAPTURED
IN THIS CITY,

BUT NOT UNTIL HE HAD FOUGHT TO THE DEATH,
AND, IT IS FEARED, FATALLY WOUNDED A VALUABLE OFFICER.

THE PAWNBROKER AND HIS ASSISTANT RENDER VALUABLE
SERVICE,

THE LATTER SHOOTING THE DESPERADO AT A CRITICAL
MOMENT.

A VALISE, A PAWNTICKET, AND AN EXPRESS RECEIPT LEAD
TO THE CRIMINAL'S DETECTION.

REMARKABLE CHAIN OF EVIDENCE ESTABLISHING HIS GUILT.

GREAT CREDIT DUE TO THE PEORIA OFFICIALS AND THE
ST. LOUIS DETECTIVES.

RANDE ON HIS DEATH BED IN THE CITY HOSPITAL—CHANCES
IN FAVOR OF OFFICER WHITE'S RECOVERY.

At 9:30 o'clock yesterday morning, a man whose unkempt and weather-beaten appearance would cast a doubt as to his age, but whose quick, athletic movements bespoke him still young and vigorous, with black hair, and

stiff beard not over two inches in length, quick, nervous eyes, and with a nose sunken at the bridge, walked into Ed. Wright's pawnshop, on Vine street, between Third and Fourth, and asked Mr. Wright, who was behind the counter at the time, for a valise which he had pawned in the name of Frank Rande, on July 4th. Mr. Wright made some remark about sending to the Express Company's Office and finding out about the valise (the appropriateness of which will subsequently appear) and passing a preconcerted signal with his clerk, Mr. George J. Hess, the latter departed by the front door.

The man who awaited the return of the messenger was Frank Rande, the perpetrator of the Gilson and St. Elmo murders, which crimes—details of which were published at the date of their occurrence in the *Globe-Democrat*—stand pre-eminent as the most daring and desperate deeds of blood that have occurred in the country since the terrible days of the guerrilla warfare of the border.

After a chase of weeks, this desperado was at last virtually within the grasp of the law, but ere it closed he was to send one more man to his long home by aid of his deadly revolver, and in this last struggle against the fate that must sooner or later have overtaken him, he was to receive what may prove his death wound, and, fighting to the last, escape the gallows. He was known to Wright, the pawnbroker, who, under instructions from the Peoria Chief of Police, in case the emergency arose which had then come, had sent out for the nearest policemen.

A young man named James Morrison had accompanied Rande to the store, but cut no figure in the tragic events that followed.

The clerk had found Officers White and Tom Hefferman, and on the way back to the pawnshop had warned them that they had to deal with a desperate man.

Their entrance to the pawnshop was sudden, and al-

most before Rande had realized their presence, they had violently seized him and backed him to a corner. Then began a desperate struggle. At the first touch of the officer, Rande had with his right hand whipped out a navy revolver of the largest size, and cocking it with the deftness of long practice, struggled to gain a position to discharge it with the fatal effect he desired. The desperado succeeded in pointing it at White's breast, while Heffernan, having released all hold of the prisoner, seized the weapon with both hands and strove to wrest it from his grasp. Rande pulled the trigger just as Heffernan succeeded, by a violent effort, in pulling it downward. The charge intended for White's breast struck him in the right femoral artery, and from a great and gaping wound the blood flowed in an unceasing stream. White, as brave an officer as ever lived, clung to his man for a moment longer, and then, stunned by the shock of the wound and weakened by the terrible flow of blood, fell to the floor. Heffernan held to the pistol with the strength of desperation, but vainly endeavored to obtain possession of the weapon. Rande succeeded in cocking it again, and Heffernan observing the act, placed his thumb under the hammer and prevented the firing of the shot that would have stretched him lifeless by the side of his brother officer.

George Hess and Mr. Wright, knowing the desperate character of the man they had to deal with, upon the entrance of the officer, seized revolvers and with them covered Morrison, the companion of Rande, fearing that he was an accomplice, and perhaps as bad a man. But during the terrible scene, this man stood a blanched and terror-stricken witness.

Things were in a desperate condition with Heffernan. He felt that the superior strength of his antagonist must soon prevail, and turning an instant toward the pawn-

broker, he cried out: "Shoot this man, Hess; he will kill White." Hess leaned over the counter, took deliberate aim and fired. The leaden messenger crashed through the desperado's breast bone and into his lungs. He faltered for an instant, and cried out "I am shot!" but with redoubled fury attacked Heffernan again. The struggle was resumed. It was the embrace of death, and the veins stood out on the foreheads of both men like whip cords. Heffernan at last succeeded in getting out his revolver, while he held onto the weapon with the other. Pulling the trigger of his weapon at the first opportunity, he fired downward, the ball passing through Rande's knee. He had forced him to the floor, but held to his man, and finally succeeded in wrenching the pistol from his grasp. He was rapidly weakening, but with his failing breath he continued to curse and swear, "You have got me dead to rights, G—d d—n you; but you are the first." He found time to glance at White, who lay on the floor, and said, between his teeth: "I hope I have killed that s—n of a b—h!" Then he made another mighty, violent muscular effort, but forced down again, he almost shrieked: "Yes, fight, G—d d—n you, fight; but I can get away with a dozen d—n officers!" The officer had his man forced to a half recumbent position.

Hess, after his well-executed shot, had turned again to the young man, Morrison, and covered him with his pistol. Heffernan turned his head that way for an instant to see whether there was any danger from that quarter. As he did so, with a movement of lightning-like rapidity Rande, with his left hand, whipped out another revolver, the counterpart of the first, cocked it with with the same deftness, and pointed it at Heffernan's heart just as he turned his head again. He saw his danger. With one hand he seized the wrist of the hand containing the weapon, and by a violent effort knocked it from his grasp and threw it away, in



CAPTURE OF RANDE IN WRIGHT'S PAWNSHOP, ST. LOUIS, MO.

the same instant striking his prisoner a blow on the head with his own weapon. Rande looked at him with eyes gleaming with hate, and hissed forth: "A half minute more and you were gone, too, you son of a b—h!"

At this moment Officers Flynn and Burke, Sergeant Dailey and one or two others entered, and, comprehending the situation at a glance, seized, disarmed and rendered powerless the desperado on the floor, who, lying there in the face of death, continued to shriek forth his curses at the police and to vaunt his ability to kill a dozen of them in an open fight.

The scene was dramatic. Near the door Morrison, the companion of Rande and a spectator of the terrible scene, cowered under the blackened muzzle of Wright's pistol, which covered him with a grim suggestiveness. Lying upon the floor, his head supported by a brother officer, White lay in a pool of blood, while a physician who had been summoned, vainly attempted to stanch the life blood which gushed from the great wound in the artery. Held by three or four officers a few feet distant, Rande cursed and struggled and reviled the dying man, applying epithets to him that made the bystanders shudder. The two heavy navies which had played such a conspicuous part in the stirring scenes that had just been enacted, lay upon the floor, cold and cruel looking. The street outside was blocked by a throng of people who repeated the most exaggerated versions of the affair, and the doors and windows of the pawnshop were alive with the faces that peered curiously in at the bloody tableau. Without delay an ambulance was procured, and the wounded officer, pale as death itself, and unconscious, was tenderly borne to his home at No. 17 South Sixteenth street.

The officers searched the prostrate desperado as a precautionary measure, and found upon his person a massive pair of brass knuckles shaped like the cestus of the old

heroic days, and, like it, capable of dealing a blow that would stretch the hardiest man helpless in death. A number of assorted keys, fully fifty in number, were found in one of his pockets, being but part of the implements used in his burglarious transactions. A stout pair of scissors, a piece of candle, bunches of assorted twine, and a few other light articles such as a tramp might be liable to carry, completed the contents of his pockets. A wagon was procured and the prisoner placed in it, and under a strong guard taken to the Chestnut Street Substation. Sergeant Jenks, on duty at the time, after hearing a brief statement of the case, and being satisfied that Rande was in a dying condition, ordered him taken at once to the dispensary.

At the dispensary, Officers Burke and Flynn were detailed to accompany the wagon. Dr. Robert Lendeking was on duty at the time. The officers, aided by others, brought the wounded prisoner into the dispensary and laid him upon the floor. He was bleeding profusely from the wound on the knee, and the doctor at once began to dress it.

As he lay there on the floor gasping painfully, he said to the doctor, "I believe they have finished me. I am shot in the heart, I think. Do you think the wound mortal?"

The doctor had bandaged the knee and proceeded to examine the wound in the breast. A good sized hole about an inch outside of the left nipple, which bled but slightly, was dressed. The doctor's experienced eye at once saw from the position of the wound that it was serious, probably fatal, and when he learned that on the way from the station he had coughed up blood, his first impressions were confirmed, and he said, "You are very seriously hurt." "Well, I can die as plucky as the next one," was the dogged reply.

One of the officers said to the other, in a half whisper, "White will die."

Rande heard the remark, and half raised on his elbow as he said "Will he? I am glad I killed the s—n of a b—h, and I would like to kill a half dozen more."

The doctor turned to make out the necessary blank for the admission of the man to the hospital, and asked:

"What is your name?"

"I go under the name of Frank Rande."

"Is that your real name?"

"What's that to you, d—n you? That's the name for you to put down."

"Your age is what?"

"About twenty-five."

"You look older."

"Well, maybe I am."

"Where were you born?"

"What's that your d—d business?"

"Where do you live?"

"I live under my cap."

"When did you come here?"

"Last night."

"Where did you come from?"

"D—n your inquisitiveness. Say I came from the East on a train."

He was taken to the hospital, where every effort was made to secure his recovery. But the doctors were dubious, and all day long would venture no opinion as to his chance for recovery.

Officer Ed. Flynn was put as a guard over Rande, who lay in his bed seemingly very cheerful, and disposed to talk about himself and his desire to kill policemen.

Flynn reduced to writing the conversation held with his prisoner, which is as follows:

"My name is Frank Wren; I have got a hundred other

names, but that one will do. I am a stranger in St. Louis and came here last night, my intention being to get away with six or seven policemen. I am glad to be able to say that I got away with one. I was nicely fixed with two Smith & Wesson revolvers, and with a pair of brass knuckles, which I calculated would carry me through. I resisted to get away from the officer, and don't regret what I have done. I have sworn long ago to kill any officer who tried to arrest me. I have a natural hatred for any executive officer. They have hunted me like a wild beast, just for the pay they get. They are all a cowardly set of cut-throats. What I have got (meaning his weapons) I have bought and paid for, and intended to make good use of. I have several trades and professions, and have practiced medicine some little in private, but I made up my mind long ago that I could make money easier without working. I won't talk about myself, but when I get good and ready to die I will make a confession."

Dr. Robinson, the chief physician at the dispensary, called at the hospital. Rande turned and gruffly asked:

"Are you a cop or a doctor?"

"I am a doctor."

"Well, I am glad of it, for I don't want any —— cops fooling around me. G—d d—n them, I hate them all;" and he clenched his teeth in his bitterness.

"You want to know how I got this wound in my knee, do you? Well, I got it from my own pistol, the ball going through the knee before it went into that blue coat's cowardly heart, and if it hadn't been for that, I would have got away with the whole gang, and as many more as you can put into a room."

"You seem to act toward policemen as though you were a sort of human terrier and they as rats, your natural enemy."

"Yes, that is the way I feel, and I could die a hundred

deaths to be able to sweep the whole cowardly gang out of existence."

"Those men who took you this morning were not cowardly."

"They were four to my one."

"White will die."

"That will just suit me ; I tried to kill him. Remember, doctor, I am a brave man. These pistols belong to me, and if I die I want some brave man to get them."

During the afternoon several Captains of Police, Chief McDonald and J. W. Kimsey, Chief of Police of Peoria, who figures extensively in the running down of the criminal, visited the hospital, but to all their quires he replied with his vain-glorious boasts of his bravery, his undying hatred of all policemen, and his dying regret that he had not killed a half dozen men instead of one. Broached upon the subject of confession, he laughed derisively and said: "Wait until I go to 'croak' and then I will give you a confession."

A reporter of the *Globe-Democrat* was admitted to the ward during several of the conversations outlined, and had opportunity for a careful inspection of the desperado. His face was pale, made to look more so by the contrast of his black and wiry beard. The features are well cut, the forehead prominent, and the tout ensemble not altogether unpleasant. Beneath the gruff affectedness of the desperado there is a vein of intelligence and flexibility in the use of English, a moment's hearing of which will convince the listener that the man has been well educated, and that his grammatical errors and use of slang are more the result of intention than of innate ignorance.

Between 9 and 10 o'clock in the evening a *Globe-Democrat* reporter paid a second visit to the City Hospital, where he found Dr. Dean, the resident physician, whom he at once questioned as to the condition of his bandit patient

The doctor stated that no perceptible change for the better or the worse had taken place, and that, while there was a possibility of the man's recovery, it was at best but a possibility. The ball had entered the man's chest about an inch and a half above the left nipple and had undoubtedly passed through the lungs, and in all probability been imbedded in or near the shoulder blade. The doctor stated that he had conversed with the patient upon the subject of his manner of life, when the latter informed him he never drank intoxicating liquors nor smoked nor chewed tobacco. This, Dr. Green stated, was in favor of the possibility of his recovery from the wound, though, on the other hand, the man confessed to having once suffered from syphilis, which was unfavorable. The doctor's estimate of the man's character was to the effect that an inordinate desire for notoriety seemed to be the main-spring of all his utterances.

"Do you think he will make a confession?" the reporter asked.

"He has already intimated to me his readiness to relate the incidents of his recent career should his symptoms become so unfavorable that death is, in my opinion, inevitable. I could have got his story by telling him that he would certainly die, but it would be improper for me to deceive one of the patients under my charge."

"Will you hear his story when the time comes?"

"If his condition becomes so that I feel certain of his death I shall hear his story, and shall send a telegraphic message to the reporters at the Four Courts, so that they may be on hand to hear it."

"How do you think he is now?" the reporter asked.

"Let us go and see," the doctor quietly answered as he arose, opened his surgery door and led the way down the passage, down a pair of stairs, and then along another passage to the cells, where carbolic acid was combating

the disagreeable odors arising from three or four very dirty prisoner patients, who, the doctor explained, had just been brought in and had not reached the savory condition which he requires of his patients. At one of the cell doors a police officer stood looking askance at the arrivals.

"Have you been giving him water?" the doctor asked, as he lit a candle and entered the gloomy chamber.

The police officer in charge of the wounded man answered in the affirmative, and handed the visitors chairs. The reporter sat down and looked at the wounded man, who looked back with a strong expression of suspicion lurking in the corners of his bright little black eyes, which wore the peculiar glassy look caused by the action of a dose of morphine.

"This is a reporter come to see you," explained the doctor to his patient, who took a long, searching glance at the Globe-Democrat representative, which apparently relieved him of the suspicion which had beset him, as he turned his head away and remarked, "lots of detectives will be here tomorrow, I suppose." Then he turned again to the reporter and remarked, "they are trying to make me out a very bad man, a—the worst kind of a bad man. Why, they say I have killed lots of men—lots—but never mind, the detectives will be here tomorrow, and they will tell lots of stories." The man smiled as he said this, and then, in reply to a question from the doctor stated that he felt much better than he had done hitherto, but that he thought a little more morphine would do him good.

"Does the wound pain you?" the doctor asked.

"No, sir; it is my head that troubles me. The wound does not pain me at all. The morphine relieves that, but the pain in the head continues. I guess I am one of those men that can take any amount of morphine."

Before leaving, the doctor felt the man's pulse again,

carefully. As they passed back to the surgery, the reporter asked:

"How is he tonight, doctor?"

"There is no change to report. I am confident he will live through the night. Yes, he will not die tonight."

"But if he begins to die, doctor?" the reporter hinted, just by the way of reminding the doctor of the promise he has made. The obliging doctor smiled as he repeated the assurance that in the event of death's approach, he would send for the reporters, so that they might hear the dying bandit's say.

As the reporter stepped from the gloom of the hospital entrance into the bright moonlight outside, he could not help hoping that no untoward event, such as the man's sudden death or his recovery might rob the world of such an intensely interesting story as the recital of the last few weeks of his life, would undoubtedly prove.

When the relieving officers made their timely appearance at Wright's pawnshop, followed by an excited crowd, someone was thoughtful enough to run for a doctor for the wounded policeman and fortunate enough to secure the services of Dr. Robert J. Hill, at 414 Washington Ave., who hurried to the scene. He found the officer bathed in blood, and a casual examination showed the right femoral artery to be severed, the ball having passed through, coming out in the rear, without having fractured any bones. With the aid of a tourniquet he succeeded in stopping the flow of blood, temporarily, and then secured the officer's removal to his home at 716 So. 16th. Doctors Gregory, Wm. Porter, Carson and Mud were called in and the artery skillfully taken up. Patient was very weak from loss of blood—so weak that he did not seem to suffer. The usual remedy of applying stimulants was resorted to. For several hours the stomach of the poor fellow rejected all food given it, and it looked

as though he must surely pass away before their very eyes. At intervals, he slept soundly. He was perfectly rational all the time, and sadly recognized his wife, who hung over his bedside, and his child, which was at once brought in to him. Frank McParlin, record clerk at headquarters, was at the house during the day and conversed briefly with the wounded man, although no attempt was made, nor would it have been tolerated, to get a statement of the affair from him. Toward evening he retained some beef tea that was given him. At 10 p. m. Dr. Hill left him, after a careful examination, and stated shortly after to a Globe-Democrat reporter that the chances were in favor of his recovery. For this chance he is indebted entirely to a magnificent physique. He is tall and shapely and would weigh 190 pounds, has always been of good habits, and was in a remarkably healthy and vigorous condition. The chief, in talking about the matter last night, said that he considered John White one of the best men on the force, and always did.

CONDITION OF THE WOUNDED MAN.

A Globe-Democrat reporter called at the residence of Officer White this morning at 1 o'clock and learned that he was sleeping peacefully at that time. Dr. Hill had visited the wounded man about an hour before. Nothing later than 11 p. m. had been heard from at the hospital, at which hour Rande bid fair to live through the night.

STATEMENTS OF SOME OF THE PRINCIPAL ACTORS.

Interviews with the central figures in this tragedy were held by the Globe-Democrat reporters. The statements of the pawnbroker, Wright, and his plucky clerk, George Hess, were heard. The latter said that when he leaned over the counter and shot Rande he intended to kill him, and aimed for the heart. Officer Heffernan, who owes his

existence at this moment entirely to his plucky struggle with the desperado, made the following statement of the affair to the members of the press and others shortly after the occurrence. He at the time supposed that Wright had fired the shot which struck Rande and that part is corrected here to avoid confusion.

I met Officer White on the corner of Fourth street and Washington avenue about 9 o'clock this morning; he asked me to go with him to Wright's pawn shop, saying there were two men in there whom Wright wanted arrested; he also said that the men were desperate characters, for whom the detectives from Peoria had been there looking after for ten days. We walked around to the place, and, as we entered, Wright nodded with his head, intimating to us whom we should take in charge. Officer White placed his hand on the shoulder of one of the men, saying, "I want to see you, my friend," while I was about to do the same with the other fellow. White had no sooner uttered the word than his prisoner slipped out a navy revolver and cocked it. I grabbed the weapon with both hands, but, in spite of all I could do, the man pulled the trigger. White staggered, and said he was shot in the leg. I held on to the pistol and the man managed to cock it again. He was a powerful one, I tell you. Placing my thumb on the hammer of the pistol, I held to it like grim death; but, finding that White was losing strength, and that matters were in a desperate condition, I yelled to Hess, who all this time had the other man covered with his revolver, "Shoot this fellow, Hess; he will kill White."

Hess turned toward my man and fired. At that instant my man cried, "I am shot here," pointing to his breast, but immediately tackled me again. White, by this time, had fallen to the floor, weakened by the loss of blood, and was calling me to prevent my antagonist from

again firing. The scuffle continued, until I managed to get my pistol out, and I fired, striking the man in the leg. He kept cursing and swearing that he could get away with half a dozen d—d officers; and also intimating that he would give in now; that we had him dead to rights, though we were the first that had ever had him in that way. He looked at White lying on the floor, and said he hoped he had killed the — — — —. Meantime Wright was guarding the other fellow, and as I turned my face that way for a second, to see that there was no danger from that quarter, my man slipped another navy from his pocket, got the muzzle of it to my side, and in another second would have fired, but I knocked the weapon from his hand, at the same time striking him over the head with the one in my hand. He looked at me fiercely and said, "Yes, you G—d d—n — — — —, d—n you, I was going to put a hole through you."

CHAPTER IV.

The reader will observe that in addition to the foregoing published account of Rande's arrest, the same paper, in the same issue, gave many interesting incidents which occurred during the first twelve hours after the arrest had been consummated.

The Peoria officer was invited to accompany the officers and their distinguished prisoner to the hospital. He declined for the reason of pressing business on his part, which was the wiring of the news to Hitchcock. The message was immediately sent, and read as follows:

ST. LOUIS, Mo., Nov. 16, 1877.

SHERIFF HITCHCOCK, Peoria, Ill.:

The agony is over. Rande in custody, with two bullets in his body. Think him mortally wounded. One policeman shot and is thought to be dying. Will wire further particulars. Come on first train. Answer.

JOHN.

Waiting about one hour for an answer, and none being received, the second message was sent to Peoria, which was as follows:

ST. LOUIS, Mo., Nov. 16, 1877.

FRANK HITCHCOCK, Peoria Ill.:

Rande still alive. Have not heard from policeman. The arrest was made while I was at breakfast. Great excitement in this city. You must come on first train. Answer quick.

JOHN.

Soon after this telegram was sent the following message was received from Deputy Sheriff Gill:

Frank in Bloomington. Repeated your message to him in care of sheriff. Instructing that officer where Frank could be found.

S. L. GILL.

Soon after the receipt of the above message there was another one received from Peoria. This one being from William Kellogg, who was then prosecuting attorney for Peoria county, which read as follows:

PEORIA, ILL., Nov. 16, 1877.

If Frank comes back before he goes to St. Louis, I will accompany him to that city. Do not be afraid of expenses. We want the news at this end of the line. Wire us more particulars.

WILLIAM KELLOGG.

By this time it was one o'clock in the afternoon and not one word had the Peoria officer heard from Hitchcock. The excitement at St. Louis was at fever heat. It takes something out of the ordinary to excite the people in a large city like St. Louis, but on this occasion all the daily papers had by eleven o'clock issued extras, giving what purported to be a full account of his many murders, together with a detailed account of his arrest. Before this issue Chief McDonald had been interviewed by all the reporters, not one of whom at that time knew that Hitchcock of Peoria, Ill., had cut any figure in the case. And from his statement, as published, the reader would think that official had himself been hot on the trail of this man-killer ever since he shot Farmer Belden near Gibson, Ill.

It was estimated that there were over one hundred thousand extra papers sold in St. Louis that afternoon. The reader can hardly realize the extent of the excite-

ment on that occasion. It was then about four o'clock in the afternoon when Detective O'Neal had let the cat out of the bag and put the shovers of the quill onto the part which the Peoria officers had played in the drama; and by this time fifty reporters from outside cities were on the ground, besides those representing St. Louis papers, and when they all got together their number was great enough to form a battalion. Then this gang of inquisitive gentlemen, all about the same time, made a charge upon that almost wornout and half crazy Peoria officer, who was then in that city, and who was supposed to know enough about this desperado's former crimes, and just how he was trapped, to give them a three-column item. Well, about that time the hapless officer hardly knew which end he stood upon. Frank Hitchcock was the man he wanted there to do the talking. That officer had made minutes of all the little details connected with the job, and even if he did not have them at hand, what he retained in his mind he could explain in a much more intelligent way than the Peoria official alluded to. However, this officer managed to survive all this pulling and hauling to which he was subjected, and about eleven o'clock that night received the following message from Hitchcock, he having heard nothing of what had happened until his arrival in Peoria that evening.

PEORIA, ILL., Nov. 16, 1877.

Now at depot ready to take train. Will be in St. Louis to-morrow morning. Jake Barnes, Charley McCown and Lilly with me. Bill Kellogg will soon follow with papers for requisition. Show this message to Chief McDonald and go to bed.

FRANK HITCHCOCK.

The receipt of this dispatch had a tendency to make that officer feel much better. Yet at that late hour, after he had freed himself from the grip of that gang of report-

ers and started to hunt up Chief McDonald, for the first time since the hour of Frank Rande's arrest, it dawned upon his mind that he had not partaken of a mouthful of food that day, and it was not until after the delivery of the message to McDonald that he and O'Neal ate their breakfast, which they ordered at the Everett House a few minutes after 9 o'clock that morning.

The Peoria officer then retired for a few hours' sleep, and did not make his appearance until 5 o'clock the following morning. Hitchcock and party had arrived on an early train. The account as published in the morning papers giving the details as to how this man-killer was successfully trapped, and to whom the credit belonged, put a very different phase on the glowing accounts of the prominent factor McDonald had been, etc. When the writer first met Hitchcock that morning that officer and his party were trying to shake a gang of Chicago reporters, for the purpose of having a quiet talk with their friend who had summoned them to his relief. They succeeded and decided that they would all go down to the hospital together, Hitchcock desiring to have a quiet interview with the wounded desperado, and not wishing to be accompanied by a lot of reporters.

In addition to the two Peoria officers, the party consisted of J. B. Barnes, of the *Peoria Journal*, and Charles McCown, a young man who was shot through the lung by Rande at Gilson, Ill.

By quietly passing out of the hotel by the back way, they gave the crowd the slip, and were soon at the hospital. Rande had previously shown such an intense hatred for the officers of the law, and so much good will for the representatives of the press, it was thought best to introduce Mr. Barnes as a reporter, allow him to do the talking for a while and when the proper time came Mr. Hitchcock would have something to say to the prisoner.

Dr. Dean, who was in charge of the hospital, met the party in the hall of that large building. After being apprised as to who his visitors were, and of the fact that they desired an interview with the prisoner, and how they wished to conduct the same, that obliging official said, "I will accommodate you, with pleasure, gentlemen, follow me." They went down to the basement floor and, by a somewhat intricate course, to a little room in the south end of the building; the doctor led the party. The door of the room was open, but the bed was evidently behind it, and an officer and two or three attendants stood inside. Dr. Dean entered and stated to some one that a reporter, in company with some friends, was without, and a voice which seemed strained by pain said, "Let them come in; I'd like to say a few things to them."

THE PRISONER.

On his back, on a little narrow bed, lay a man whose face stamped him as not of common ability or character. It was swarthy in an extraordinary degree. The features were clean cut, regular, handsome and unmarred, save by hardly a noticeable mark or scar, as of a burn, which extended down the right side of the nose. The lips were rather thin, and set together in a manner expressive of great will power. The chin was square and firm, and was covered by a thick growth of very dark whiskers, about two inches in length, which were topped by a mustache to match. The eyes were intensely black and animated, with a clear white background. They were very steady in their gaze, and seemed to have a wonderful power of penetration. A broad, square forehead was surmounted by a heavy growth of short, dark, unkempt hair. The shape of the head was simply perfect. No person who saw that face and head need be told that that man was

possessed of intelligent, daring and stubborn determination.

The prisoner's frame was almost perfect in its proportions. He was five feet eight inches high, with broad shoulders, small waist, deep chest and small hands and feet. He weighed 135 pounds only, but the dark, shapely hand and arm, which were bared above the coverlet, were suggestive of great muscular power. Notwithstanding his begrimed, bloody condition, his pain-distorted features, and his unhandsome clothing and surroundings, one could not help admiring the fellow.

THE INTERVIEW.

"So, this is the reporter, is it?" he asked, and he held out his hand. "Well, I've not a great deal to say to you, my friend, but there are a few things I want to tell you. The police have tried to pump me, but I'm not to be pumped. When I went into Ed. Wright's pawn shop this morning, I noticed that he was pretty nervous, and I at once suspected that he had heard something connecting me with the burglary business. He was a suspiciously long time looking over his books, but finally he discovered the name, and showed me the express receipt for my valise and books. I surmised from the delay that he had sent for the police, but I thought I would be able to get my stuff and get out before they came.

"Wright and I were just starting for the Express Office to find out whether the valise had been returned, I having told him that I called at the Decatur Office, and it was not there. We had nearly reached the door to go out, when the police suddenly came in upon us. If I had followed my usual rule of defending myself, I would have stepped back a few feet and shot down both of them right there, as it was a very easy thing to do."

Reporter (aiming to be very cunning): "You generally do that style of work very accurately, I guess?"

Rande: "Well, it makes no difference what I generally do, I'm telling you about this case. As I was saying, I am usually pretty sharp in looking at things, but I was somehow a little slow this time. If I had just known for certain how matters stood, I would have stepped back and shot both the officers, and then put a hole through Ed. Wright for his dirty part of the business. Oh! (clutching his breast) I think I'm killed; I've no doubt I'll die; but (gasping) I've got more courage than any man that was ever born. Well, the officers were on me before I thought. We struggled until I got my hand up and got my revolver out. (Here he reached in his armpit and made a motion as though drawing a weapon.) It was a queer struggle—two big policemen against one man. Although I had my revolver out, I couldn't get a chance to take aim at anybody, but in the struggle I managed to direct the muzzle with my left hand, holding to the handle with my right. My idea was to hold the muzzle up against the officer's body with my left hand, and with my right to fire a shot into him and make him let go. If I could have just gotten out of the door once, there'd have been the d—dest scattering you ever saw in this town. Well, I got my revolver up in position, and was just about to let her go, when the fellow on my right side jerked me. In trying to save myself from falling, I threw up my leg, right against the muzzle of the revolver, and caught the bullet just as you see here. (He uncovered his leg and showed the two big, bloody holes.) The ball that went through there must have struck the policeman that I was trying to shoot. I know I'm in for it pretty deep, else I wouldn't tell you these things. I cocked my revolver again, but it caught in my clothes, or something,

and didn't go off. I cocked it a third time and fired, but don't think I hit anybody.

"The first intimation I had that anybody was hurt besides myself, was when the officer began to make a fuss. I called out, 'Is anyone hurt besides me?' and some one says, 'Yes, you've killed a policeman.' Just then I swung around to get another chance, when someone shot across the counter. It struck me awful heavy, and I dropped. As I lay on the floor I tried to get out my other revolver to kill the man that was bending over me, holding me down. I thought I would die, but I would give them the best I had while I was going, and then maybe they would kill me dead so that I wouldn't suffer. But they took the revolver away from me before I could get a shot. Then they put me in an express wagon, and one fellow put his feet on mine, saying, 'Keep your feet still, you — — —.' I said that I was only trying to ease myself a little, as I was in great pain, and he stood on my feet until he fairly tramped my shoes off. He tramped on me twice, and when I tried to raise my head off the floor, threw me down and put his whole weight on me, saying, 'I've a good notion to shoot you dead.' I said, 'Shoot me dead, and be done with it; but don't treat me like a dog, you dirty — — —. You're a dirty coward, like all the policemen are,' and he was a coward. Officer Flynn, however, treated me like a man, and buttoned my coat on, fixed my head, and acted just as one brave man would toward another fallen brave man. Oh! I'm suffering awful pain in my left breast! My head's clear, and I see the whole thing now. Oh, if I could just have taken a thought and jumped back a few feet as those officers came in, and then pulled my snapper and given it to them both, and then one to Ed. Wright for his generosity! Once on the street, and I could easily have made the river and gotten some boat

or skiff. Nobody could have stopped me unless they'd have shot me. I would have fought any length of time before they'd have got me to surrender."

Reporter: "They tell me only one of the chambers of your revolver was empty. How was that?"

Rande: "Is that so? Well, I thought I shot twice. But I can't say that I hit the officer. It seemed to me that those fellows shot at me two or three times. I didn't get a chance to aim, you know, or else I'd know whether I hit him. Oh, this pain's intense! And when I got in the ambulance and tried to raise my head that fellow wouldn't let me do it. I said, 'Let me hold my head up. I'm shot in the heart. Or shoot me, so that I can die easy.' But he wouldn't let me move. I tell you I'm badly hurt, but I've just got the nerve in this right arm to wring the neck of a policeman yet." And he clutched the air viciously. "There is one thing that worries me. When they got me to the station I reached into my pocket and got out my pocket-book and dropped it. The police didn't see it, but another fellow picked it up and handed it to them, and that thing will run me in the ground for burglaries I've committed. I tell you I'm called one of the best men in America, and I've got just as much nerve as any man in the business. (This vehemently.) I'm no petty thief. I'm charitable, too, and give money to the poor when I've got it, but I'm down on the rich. I love a brave man, and I detest a coward. I'd like to take that Officer Flynn by the hand like a brother, even if he is a policeman, and I'd like to just wring the neck of that other officer."

All of the above statement was made with difficulty, Rande being compelled to stop at intervals by the pain in his chest. But he spoke with terrible earnestness, and there was no doubting that his regret at not having left "three dead men in the shop" was sincere. After resting

a while he turned his eyes on the reporter suddenly and asked:

"Is he dead?"

"No, but he lost a great amount of blood, and is in a critical condition."

"Yes, I was certain from the amount of blood on the floor of the shop that I must have cut one of his arteries."

"Yes, they tell me the femoral artery is cut."

"The femoral artery! Then he'll die, sure. Well, as I said before, I don't know that I shot him. But the size of the bullet will tell. If these fellows were sharp policemen they'd have come into the shop with their revolvers cocked, and so got the drop on me. But they didn't, and if I had thought I'd have got the drop on them. And once in the street, I'd have had the d—dest spree you ever saw. But I don't hold spite against the fellow that shot me, for that was an even game."

"How about that partner of yours?"

"I wanted to speak about that. He was not connected in any manner with me. We met a short time ago, and came together as comrades will. I suppose he will have a preliminary examination, will he not? I'd like to testify in his behalf, if they would let me."

"Certainly. The law in Missouri even permits you to testify in your own behalf."

"I know that, but I wanted to know if I could testify for him. I don't want to implicate any other man in anything that I've done alone."

"A couple of policemen came here and asked me my name, and where I lived. I told them that I'm at home anywhere, under my cap, and as for my names, I have had about one hundred and fifty of them. One name is as good as another with me. They tried to ask me some leading questions but I snubbed them pretty short. With this wound of mine, and that policeman so badly shot, it



INTERVIEW WITH RANDE IN THE HOSPITAL

looks as if I've got only a slim chance to live; but I'd like to know what I'm charged with."

"I understand there is no charge preferred yet, and they will probably await the result of the officer's injuries."

"And mine, too, eh?" (with a smile at the grim joke.)

"You seem to be a man of education?"

"Yes, I claim to be; but I learned something yesterday morning. I learned that a man can be overpowered notwithstanding the most defiant courage. But I would like to see the batch of police that could have captured me if I had ever gotten that door. I always consider myself equal to at least three good men if I get the start on them and know what they are trying to do. But, of course, a brave man in police uniform can follow and shoot a man as well as if he were out of it."

At this juncture a physician entered, and Rande stopped and looked inquiringly at him.

Dr. Dean remarked to Rande that the gentleman was a doctor, and he needn't be afraid.

"Afraid!" (laughing), "I'm not afraid of anything that walks on two or four feet. I was just wondering if he was a cop."

"Have you ever been at St. Elmo?" asked the reporter.

"St. Elmo; I've heard something about that matter. Where is the place?"

"Over in Illinois."

"What was done there?"

"Several burglaries."

"Was anybody killed?"

"Yes; several."

"I don't know anything about that matter."

"Did you write to Wright about that valise?"

"Yes; I wrote from Decatur. The thing is plain that

far. But that reminds me of a little incident. Once a prosecuting attorney asked me if I was ready for trial. He hadn't read the indictment, and I told him I couldn't tell whether I was or not till I heard it read. O-o-o-h!"

"Are you in pain?"

"I'm in a precarious condition, and, although the doctor can't tell for sure, I think I'll die by to-morrow morning. But I ain't afraid. I have no more fear than that (snapping his fingers) of death in any form. But I don't want to suffer too much."

"Haven't you worked some on the road?"

"I never committed a highway robbery in my life, but I came near it once. I had bad influences thrown around me when I was young, and ill treatment made me callous. Desperation will follow in such cases, and I don't give a royal American d—n for anybody or anything."

"Were you educated for a profession?"

"I was educated for a teacher, and thought once of becoming a minister. But the actions of the professional Christians in turning out to be professional devils disgusted me, and I'm an infidel. I don't believe in a future state."

"Are you an atheist?"

"No. I believe in an overruling Providence—I believe in God, but I don't believe Christ was His son, and don't believe in a hereafter—heaven or hell. I'd just like to get a shot at Wright for that dirty trick. But nothing succeeds so well as success, and nothing is so like a dead failure as failure."

"What is your name at present?"

"Well, I was arrested under the name of 'Frank Rande,' but I never bother myself about names. One's as good as another. I was an honest man till six or seven years ago, and then, seeing everybody else dishonest, made me think I'd have some of the wherewith myself, and

I was getting ready to have it. I tell you my black eyes weren't made for nothing."

"How old are you? About forty?"

"Well, I told these people I was thirty, and that's enough."

"Where did you develop that muscle?"

"I've done as hard work as any man in the United States, and that's where I got it. My health has never been impaired in any serious degree."

"Can't you tell me of some of your experiences away from here?"

"Yes! I'd be a pretty d—d fool, wouldn't I?"

"Any family?"

"Maybe so. I don't know, and I wouldn't tell you if I had. You people will have to do some guessing after to-morrow morning."

"Why, what is going to happen to-morrow morning?"

"I guess I will be dead by that time."

"Well, before you die, would you like to meet the man who has been on your trail for so many months, and whose ingenuity set the trap you so deliberately walked into yesterday morning."

"Yes, I would, where is he?"

Frank advancing toward the prisoner, Mr. Barnes said: "Mr. Rande, allow me to introduce to you Frank Hitchcock, the most successful criminal trapper in this or any other country, who is now Sheriff of Peoria County, Illinois."

The wounded desperado took a long look at that officer, then said: "And you are Frank Hitchcock. You are the great detective those police who have been guarding me had so much to say about. And you are the man the morning papers have lauded to the skies; and you are the man who is responsible for these big bullet holes now in my body, are you?"

Frank answered: "You can have it that way if you wish."

"Well you are a keen, smart looking man, and I should judge you to be brave enough under ordinary circumstances; but if you had ever run up against me, old boy, I would not have given you time to say your prayers. You have a keen, bright looking eye in your head, and no doubt could handle a squirrel rifle with some skill, but nothing would do my soul any more good than to fight you a duel at a distance of one hundred yards. You take the rifle and I one of my pistols. I would make you bite the dust before you could bat one of those black eyes."

Hitchcock answered him by saying: "When it comes my time to die I prefer going as quickly as possible." Hitchcock inquired of the prisoner if he had the same feelings against sheriffs and deputies as he had for police officers.

"Just the same; they ought all to be in hell. I have sent a few of them to that hot place, and would, if I had my way, send them all there."

Hitchcock informed him if he had entered Wright's store a very few minutes before he did, he would have met an officer there in wait for him, dressed in citizen's clothes, and with the help of Wright, he thought the arrest might have been effected without blood-shed.

"I have since heard about that arrangement. Was that officer a friend of yours?"

"He was one of my best friends."

"Well, if I had met him in Wright's pawn shop, Peoria City would this day have a vacancy to fill on her police force. Somebody would have been made happy by promotion."

This bright eyed, intelligent and mild tempered officer, who had left three fingers in the war, whose body was covered with scars, received in desperate encounters with

the worst and most dangerous of mankind, and who had never come off second best, did not reply to this blood thirsty animal in human shape, with a suggestive boast, but merely said: "Men who have been in the penitentiary generally do dislike officers."

"That's a d—d lie, I never was in the pen."

"You were in Joliet for two years, 1875 and 1876."

"It's a d—d lie. I have been in jail, but never in the pen. at Joliet."

"I know better. I found your box at Bloomington yesterday, and it has got your diary in it while there, and a lot of other stuff, poetry and songs."

"Well, I'll be d—d."

"You certainly will," interpolated a by-stander.

"Well, I have not got there yet," said he, casting a hurried glance at the speaker.

"Oh, yes," continued Hitchcock, "I enjoyed reading the stuff. It is hardly polite reading, and the songs would never become popular. There is one in particular about your hatred of policemen. Can't you repeat it?"

"I can only remember the chorus of the song, and it goes like this."

Then he repeated a piece of jingle that ran somewhat thus:

"Come all you jolly convicts and listen to me well:

Take my advice, and if you are nipped,

Why send the nipper to hell."

"You seem pretty cheerful young fellow, under the circumstances."

"Well, it is better to be that way. I'd just as soon die as not. It was some years ago a big policeman tried to arrest me. I opened his head with a rock. He thought he was going to die, and he threw up both hands and asked for a bible. Well, that man was a great, big cur. You men may bet your life, I will never squeal like that

when I am shot and down. I reached for another gun and would have fetched my man in a minute more."

"You would have been a good one with the Jameses or Youngers," said Barnes.

"Well, if I had been let alone I would have soon been there."

By this time Hitchcock had become tired of this unprofitable harangue. While it was quite amusing to the bystanders, he and Mr. Barnes both thought they had heard enough in that strain.

Hitchcock then had Mr. Lilly step out in full view and asked Rande if he knew that man.

"His face is familiar to me."

"Don't you remember being in my shop at Elmwood?" asked Lilly.

"Yes, come to think of it, I do."

"Do you remember asking me for a piece of ramrod about eighteen inches long, which I gave you?"

"Yes, I remember that."

Mr. Hitchcock spoke up and said: "You do not know, then, that ramrod was found in the field near Gilson, where your valise was found, do you?"

"No, I do not. There are plenty of ramrods in the world, and they look a great deal alike, and you are guessing about the valise."

"Oh, but I can swear to this one," said Lilly; "and then it was found with your vest, and in the vest was the receipt for the money sent to Wright for the books that gave you away."

Rande was silent for a moment, and then turned away and closed his eyes. When he opened them again he looked long and searchingly at Sheriff Hitchcock, and said, rather musingly: "You think you have got me, don't you?"

Charley McCown was then called up to the bed and said; "Do you remember me, Mr. Rande?"

"No," was the gruff response.

"Well, you ought to, for you stood within three feet of me when you shot me through the lungs, and don't you forget I know you all right."

Rande saw that he was fully identified, and made no reply. Mr. Hitchcock and party soon left, not desiring to impress upon the desperado too strongly the danger he would be in when he was taken back to Illinois, their fear being that if Rande fully realized his position he would tear open his wounds and force his death.

CHAPTER V.

The rules governing the hospital where this wounded man was detained were very strict, and Dr. Dean, who was in charge, as a rule maintained and enforced the strictest discipline. On this occasion, however, the good doctor was forced to dispense with formalities and to give way to large squads of reporters who were constantly filing in and out of that institution, so long as he had this distinguished patient in charge.

It was twelve days after the arrest of Rande before he was conveyed to Galesburg, Ill., and it can be truthfully said, although the statement may seem unreasonable, that during those twelve days of his detention in St. Louis he was interviewed one hundred times and by at least that number of reporters. He talked freely to each one of them, but not one of them left his cot who did not entertain one and the same opinion of this wounded desperado, and that was, that independent of having been the wickedest and most dangerous man living, he was an insufferable egotist. To those who asked him questions for the purpose of having his answers made public he never failed to repeat what seemed to be his hobby, and that was to boast of his education, his marksmanship, his great strength and his bravery. Thus he aired his disregard for the sufferings of others, his hatred toward the officers of the law, his delight in bloodshed, his belief that the grave was but a rest for him who glorifies in an assumed name, his belief that there is no after state. And, seemingly without fatigue on his part, he would keep up that

boasting strain until even many reporters were known to have been by him made "tired."

On the afternoon of the same day Mr. Hitchcock had his interview with Rande, three men came over from St. Elmo and fully identified the prisoner as the man who, on the 10th day of September that year, had killed John Scoles and Frank Barnes, citizens of their village, and on which occasion one Frank Wiseman was so dreadfully wounded that it was thought for a time he would die. It can be said now that the greatest fear the Illinois officers had that their prisoner (while in transit through that State) might be taken away from them by an infuriated mob and hanged to a tree, was that of the one much talked of as being organized in and around St. Elmo, Ill.

And now a word about Police Officer White, whose wounds, received at the hands of this desperado, proved fatal, death coming to his relief at ten minutes before eight o'clock on the evening of Nov. 18th, he having lived two days, ten hours and forty minutes from the time the fatal shot was fired.

The dead officer's full name was John Sylvester White. He was born in Dublin, Ireland, in the fall of 1848; consequently, at the time of his death he was twenty-nine years of age. His family consisted of a wife and one child, the latter aged ten months. The officer's recovery was considered very doubtful from the beginning, but the longer he lived the more hope there seemed for him to recover. His wound was in the right leg, about four inches above the knee, the main artery of the leg being entirely severed. He bled nearly to death before surgical attendance could be procured for him, and it was on account of the great loss of blood that his life was despaired of all day Friday, that being the day of the week on which he was wounded. Saturday morning his condition was about the same as it was the day before; and because

it was no worse his friends began to entertain hopes of his recovery. Inflammation of the bowels set in on Sunday morning, and this of course aggravated his case. Very little if any nourishment could he take, so that he was growing weaker every minute. Dr. Hill and Dr. Hodgkin were constantly at his bedside. About five o'clock on Sunday afternoon they made the discovery that the most dreaded of symptoms, gangrene, had made its appearance. After a hasty consultation it was decided that there was but one thing to do, and that was the amputation of the limb. In addition to Drs. Hill and Hodgkin, Dr. Gregory was summoned. After these three eminent surgeons had consulted together for a few minutes and two of them were getting ready for their unpleasant work, Dr. Hodgkin stated the case plainly to the patient.

"It is only a matter of a few hours," he said, "if this operation is not performed, that you can live, and we may save your life by amputation."

The patient at first hesitated about giving his consent, but on the advice of his wife and friends he told the doctors they could do with him as they thought best. His wife and baby were brought into the room, and he bade them good-bye. Then he took leave of the others in the room, after which all were excluded excepting three police officers and the doctors. The chloroform was administered, and as soon as the patient was well under its influence the amputation was commenced. The operation lasted but a minute and a half. The patient soon rallied and said he "did not feel it at all." After the amputation the pain in his bowels was much less; but the operation came too late to save this good man's life, as his blood had become thoroughly poisoned by the gangrene. About seven o'clock he remarked to those who were attending him that "he thought his time on this earth was getting short, and that he could live but a

short time." His attendants being police officers, they did their best to encourage him not to give up. Father Gleason, of St. John's church, came in and gave absolution. Soon thereafter Chief McDonald called in to see him. He told his chief that "he would have to die very soon for he then plainly felt the hand of death upon him, and that he had made up his mind and was not afraid." Chief McDonald remarked he had "acted his part well," when the dying officer answered that he "hoped everyone thought so, and that it was a consolation to know that he lost his life while doing his duty." In a few minutes Dr. Hodgins felt his pulse and discovered that he was dying, and hastened to call the members of his family. When he returned he told White that he was dying. "Do you think so," he asked. "Yes," said the doctor, "you are certainly dying; good-bye." White took him by the hand and said: "Good-bye, doctor." He closed his eyes, and in less than a minute breathed his last. He died very easily. The doctor who held his hand said that he did not feel it move.

All of the following day (Monday) was occupied in the holding of an inquest on the body of the dead officer. The evidence produced was very voluminous, in substance the same as narrated in the account given as to what took place when the arrest was made; the verdict of the coroner's jury being that of finding the prisoner guilty of murder in the first degree, and holding him without bail, to await the action of the next grand jury.

As before stated, the arrest of this desperado in St. Louis, and the terrible tragedy connected with the affair, together with the immediate publication by the press, giving a full and complete detailed account of this man's wanderings and the many, many awful crimes so recently committed by him, caused the citizens of that great city to writhe under a perfect fever of excitement.

This brave and noble guardian of the peace, who had just given up his life while in an endeavor to protect their lives and property, was a poor man, depending upon his wages for the support of himself and family. He was now gone to the other world and had no use for any more of this world's goods. But what was to become of the brave officer's poor wife and babe? That was the question then to be answered. It was soon answered, and that, too, in a most substantial way. As soon as the good people of that city (and a more philanthropic class of people is not to be found anywhere) were made aware of this deserving family's wants, in less time than it would take to explain how it was accomplished, ten thousand dollars or more was contributed; a sufficient amount to furnish a home and keep want from the door of the bereaved wife and little babe.

It is needless to say that this substantial fund was in the main contributed by citizens of St. Louis. The good people of that little village, St. Elmo, situated in Illinois, thought they could do no greater, no more charitable and righteous act, than to contribute something to help make her comfortable whose husband had lost his life in bringing to justice the fiend who had so recently shot to death two of their most honored citizens. So it was that every man and woman living in or near that little village cheerfully gave to a fund that soon reached the sum of two hundred dollars, which amount was immediately telegraphed to the wife of the dead officer.

The obsequies did not take place until in the afternoon of Wednesday, November 21st. Then the body of the dead officer was placed in a beautiful casket and lay in the room where his death occurred. The casket was not only covered with beautiful designs of cut flowers, but the entire room was filled with emblems of love, which had been contributed by the friends of the deceased. The

features of the dead man looked strikingly natural and life-like, there being no expression of pain in them. All day Tuesday there was a perfect stream of people filing in and out of this little cottage. All came to pay their respects and to take their last look at him who so cheerfully gave his life while in the discharge of his duty.

IN MEMORIAM.

The central district main office at the Four Courts was very tastefully draped in mourning by Chief McDonald's orders; and that mark of respect was ordered retained for thirty days. The fronts of all other police stations were draped in the same manner. The funeral took place in the afternoon of November 21st, and was one of the largest ever known in that great city, unless it was the more recent laying to rest of that most honorable soldier, W. T. Sherman.

The writer has now in his possession the printed program of the obsequies of Officer White; and, as he was present on that never to be forgotten occasion, he is able to say that it was observed strictly to the letter. The program reads as follows:

The procession will leave the late residence of the deceased at 1 o'clock p. m. to-day and will proceed to St. John's Church, corner of Sixteenth and Chestnut streets, where the death service will take place, Father Gleason officiating. Leaving the church, it will form as follows:

1. Twenty-five mounted police in charge of Sergeant Florreich.
2. Arsenal band.
3. Fifty policemen, commanded by Sergeant Billet.
4. Pall bearers, Officers A. J. Seaman, William Roach, Thomas M. Heffernan, Simon Clark, M. O. Malley, and John Hagan.
5. Hearse.

6. Clergy.
7. Family and relatives of the deceased.
8. Board of police commissioners.
9. Chief of police and captains of the several districts.
10. City officials.
11. Citizens.

The remains were laid to rest in that most beautiful spot of all St. Louis, Calvary Cemetery.

When the news was carried to Rande of the death of Officer White, he said, "I am glad of it."

When asked to explain why he felt that way, he said : "because I shall now be kept in Missouri and tried for murder."

"Well, then you do not fancy facing the music in Illinois?" was asked him.

"I would prefer staying here," was his answer.

This was the first declaration on his part as a sign of weakening, and after that fact was hinted to him there were no more like expressions from his lips. The people of that city on first thought, almost to a man, condemned the plan of removing the fiend to Illinois for trial; and after the burial of White, the business men held meetings condemning any move of that kind, claiming, of course, that he should be tried, convicted and hung for the murder he had committed in their own State. Chief McDonald, however, and all his captains and their subordinates, thought differently, and said Illinois wanted him for like crimes, and could furnish positive evidence of his guilt; and inasmuch as the officers of that state had worked so long and faithfully to bring this desperado to justice, and by their work that end had been accomplished—they thought, in justice, when the proper papers were presented, the prisoner should be turned over to them. In the mean time, while these meetings and discussions were being indulged in, William Kellogg, State's Attorney for

Peoria County, had arrived with a requisition from that state for the return of the fugitive. There then being such a strong sentiment in St. Louis against giving him up, it was a very grave question whether Governor Phelps, of Missouri, would honor the requisition. These resolutions having all been forwarded to the Governor, Sheriff Hitchcock realized the fact that he had a fight on his hands, and in order to win out all right he would have to use a little strategy, and much hard begging; for no bluffing would work in that case.

The plan he adopted and carried out was that of visiting each of the many judges in the different courts in that great city, Chief McDonald with him (who, by the way, had much influence with that fraternity) to present his wish to them. After an introduction and a little talk by McDonald, the judge would say, "I am at your service; what is your pleasure?" Hitchcock would answer, "I would like to have a letter from your honor to Governor Phelps, for the reasons just presented, requesting his excellency to honor the requisition issued by Governor Cullom of Illinois for the return of Frank Rande to that state." "Certainly I will do that," and it was done. Not only by one, but the same request was cheerfully granted by all the judges whom those two officials thought necessary to call upon. Armed with these documents, and a letter from Chief McDonald and the sheriff of that county, Hitchcock made haste for Jefferson City, Mo. At first, Governor Phelps would not hear to his request, but after a careful reading of his letters, and giving an attentive ear to Hitchcock's explanation, he ordered the warrant made out. Having the legal documents in his possession authorizing the removal of the great criminal to Illinois, with a gladdened heart, he made the trip back to St. Louis, where he found his charge and patient steadily improving, but not in a condition (as was thought by his

physician) to be moved for at least three or four days.

This was on the 24th of November, and the doctor in charge of the hospital informed Mr. Hitchcock that in three days more, if the patient kept up his present rate of improvement, it would be perfectly safe to move him. For reasons the reader can easily perceive, the time set for the start to be made was kept a secret. However, all the reporters who wished to accompany the officer on the trip to Illinois were to receive the tip in time to board the train. The C. B. & Q. R. R. Co. tendered Sheriff Hitchcock a passenger car free of charge, with the provision that "no one should occupy the car other than the prisoner, officers and reporters." The start was made on November 27th, on the C. B. & Q. train, leaving St. Louis at 9 p. m., for Galesburg, Illinois. In company with two police officers (each of the latter in citizen's clothes), Frank Hitchcock, Sheriff Berggren of Knox County, Ill., and the writer, called at the hospital forty minutes before train time. The authorities of that institution were expecting the officers, and had everything in readiness for them to receive the prisoner. Hitchcock inquired of Rande if he was "ready to go."

He answered: "Yes, I am, but by the way, Sheriff, do you anticipate any fun between this city and our destination?"

"No," answered Hitchcock, "I propose to protect you while in my charge."

The writer of this narrative and the desperado were handcuffed and shackled together. A close carriage sufficiently large to accommodate the whole party soon conveyed them to the Union Depot, and in a very short time they were seated in the car set apart for them. The party occupying this special car the entire trip were Frank Rande, the five officers above mentioned and six reporters representing six of the leading newspapers of the West,

viz: the *Tribune*, the *Inter-Ocean*, and the *Times*, of Chicago; the *Daily News*, the *Republic* and the *Globe-Democrat* of St. Louis. There was quite a crowd around the Union Depot when the train pulled out, and the police kept them well back from this special car. The first stop was made in East St. Louis, and in some way the inhabitants had received an inkling that the prisoner would be on that train, and, as they were all anxious to get a glimpse at the noted man-killer, it seemed as if the whole populace were at the depot. They were disappointed, however, for the train did not stop at that point for more than thirty seconds.

The writer well remembers one little incident that occurred at the time of this particular stop, causing the prisoner to make an involuntary remark to which he supposed no one in his hearing would attach any significance. But it frequently occurs, as in this instance, that prisoners open their mouths and say something that can be used in evidence against them; something that, as presumptive evidence of guilt, there can hardly be anything more convincing. The incident mentioned was this: As the train slowly pulled away from the station, hundreds of people, of both sexes and all ages, were stretching their necks and straining their eyes to get a glimpse of the awful murderer; many voices from young and old could be heard calling out, "There, I see him, there he goes; don't you see him, there he goes," etc. "Well," said Rande, "that sounds familiar. I have heard something similar to that on other occasions." The balance of the trip was made so late in the night, and there were so few people along the line of the road who knew of Rande's presence on the train, that there was but little out of the ordinary seen at the different stations passed.

The reporters for the press, who accompanied the officers, expected to have something sensational to report

by the way of an effort on the part of the mob to hang the prisoner. But nothing of the kind occurred, the train reaching Galesburg without a hitch, early the following morning.

Several hundred people were at the depot when the train arrived, and no demonstration, other than that of curiosity to look at the prisoner, was made by any one. The procession walked to the jail, which was about six blocks from the depot, and, after a bath, the prisoner was conducted to his cell. There had been a special grand jury called to consider this case, which was then in session, and at 3 o'clock that day it presented an indictment in due form against the prisoner. It was in the ordinary form of an indictment for murder, and contained two counts, each charging the killing of Charles Belden on August 5th, 1877, by one Frank Rande, alias Frank Durand. After the return of the indictment into court, the grand jury in a body went to the jail to see the prisoner, and a half hour was spent in friendly conversation with him.

At 4 o'clock (the same day) Rande was taken into the court room that counsel might be assigned him. The prisoner was very lame from the effects of his wounds. He was attended on each side by two officers, as he walked through the long room down to the judge's desk with head erect and manly bearing. To the questions of the judge, as to his ability to procure counsel, he replied that he had no means available. The judge then appointed as his counsel O. F. Price, F. H. Leech and R. Chute. Rande was then given a copy of the indictment which he glanced over and put in his pocket. He was then conveyed back to the county jail.

Sheriff Hitchcock returned to Peoria that morning and found awaiting him a letter from the warden at the Northern Indiana Penitentiary, stating that "Rande was none

other than the man who gave his name as Charles Arthur Van Zandt," discharged from that institution in the month of May last; he having been sent there from Fort Wayne, that State, on a five years' sentence for burglary. Through his riotous conduct while a convict he lost all the good time allowed for obedience to the rules. His first act on being discharged was the purchase of a revolver and lying in wait for several days to shoot some of the prison guards. He spent his last days in that city in the lock-up and was finally fired out of the city by the Mayor for disorderly conduct.

Soon after his return to the Galesburg jail that afternoon, Sheriff Berggren had a quiet talk with the prisoner. The following is a verbatim statement of their conversation. Rande expressed himself as glad to know that he was then in his keeping, and said he hoped he was much more of a gentleman than either of those two Peoria officers, and not so heartless a wretch. The conversation then took the following turn:

"Were you afraid of being lynched on your arrival in Illinois?"

With an oath he said: "Not a bit of it. Fear, as the old fellow said, is not in my vocabulary. If I had any firearms I could have put the whole State of Illinois to flight. They tried in St. Louis to make me think they were dangerous, but I am not afraid to go anywhere."

"Are you satisfied with your quarters here?"

"Very well. I am well satisfied with my treatment, also. I should take you to be one sheriff that is a gentleman."

Rande then asked where they hang people, and said he thought it ought to be a public execution; that a jail hanging partook too much of the nature of a private murder. In a moral point of view, he said, a public execution gave to little children, who might see it, impressions

that would last through life. Sheriff Berggren then asked him if the reports were true that he was a man of general cultivation and acquainted with modern literature?

"Yes, to some extent I am. For a man in my station of life I am well read."

"You have said you were a communist. How do you state your views on that subject?"

"I believe in the equal distribution of property. If I had been at St. Louis when the riots were going on, I would have led a mob in that city, to a different result. I would have run the d—d militia into the Mississippi river."

"What made you fight so strenuously when arrested in St. Louis? Did you have a presentment of what the charges were?"

"No; I made up my mind last spring that I never would be taken alive; and if they had given me a fair stake I never should have been."

On the following day Sheriff Berggren received a letter from Hitchcock, apprising him of the information he had on the day before received from the authorities of the North Indiana prison. He also sent Sheriff Berggren a copy of the letter above mentioned, requesting that official to interview the prisoner on that point. After Mr. Berggren had done so, the prisoner said: "Hand me some paper, Mr. Sheriff, and I will write out a true statement of that five years of my life, and you can give it to the public if you so desire." The paper was furnished him, and here is the statement:

"To the public: Having been asked by the sheriff of Knox county whether or not I was Van Zandt in the Northern Indiana State's Prison, and if I did not go into that hell in the year 1872; and seeing that he had obtained certain information of some of my antecedents, I frankly told him I saw that I would be known even should

I try to conceal these facts, and so I told him it was true. I have said I disbelieved in the existence of a hell, but I call the Northern Indiana State Prison a hell, and the dirty villain called Charles Nayne, its boss devil, and the G—d d—d dirty villain called Amos W. Hall, his satanic majesty's first lieutenant, its keepers. The way Sheriff Berggren received his news, I suppose, is by a letter from that high-toned sheriff, Frank Hitchcock." (The reader will now see that Rande is drawing on his imagination.) "And the way he received the information was by letter from a party who requested that his name should not be made known. The reason for that is very clear to me, as they know that I know of a conspiracy between the devil of that hell and some of his guards to defraud the contractors, Ford, Johnson & Co., out of immense sums, which they succeeded in doing, as well as swindling of convicts out of the pittances they made by over-work. I caught a guard at the little job of forging, which was, no doubt, but one instance in four or five thousand petty forgeries; and he knows I caught him at it, and I can prove it besides, and I desire it to be known that I will do what I can to get them incased in striped clothes, instead of their walking around on dress parade, when they are, without a doubt, some of the G—d d—est villains yet unhung. I would not have allowed my identity with the name of Charles A. Van Zandt to be known, but now that they have thrown down the gauntlet, I accept the challenge, and will assign them the benefit of an exposure of their low-lived villainy. When I was discharged they took my memorandum from me, and kept some of my other papers; but I have some other papers which they did not confiscate, which I smuggled out of the prison, and they passed all right under their noses, and the d—d foo's could not tell how it was done. I have

a long history to write of them, and shall do so as soon as my wounds will permit me to exert myself sufficiently. I have no more paper at present, but will do the subject justice in the near future."

Signed, FRANK RANDE.

CHAPTER VI

If the writer's memory serves him correctly, it was on the 30th day of November, two days after the return of the indictment into court, and the prisoner's pleading to the same that he was ordered into court for trial. He was not ready for trial, however, and without much effort on the part of his attorneys, his case was put at the foot of the calendar, and an agreement entered into by the court and attorneys, that the case should be called up on the eleventh of December. That gave the prosecution and defense ten days to more fully prepare themselves for the most sensational criminal trial that ever was before or since pulled off in the Knox County Circuit Court.

It appears that Rande, while in St. Louis, made an arrangement with some artist in that city, by which he, the artist, should have control of the sale of Rande's pictures. The St. Louis photographer put in his appearance in Galesburg soon after his subject's arrival, and proceeded at once to attend to business. Sheriff Berggren gave his consent that the prisoner should have his picture taken in any style or attitude that suited his fancy, even to indulging the prisoner's hobby of wanting to pose before the world as a desperado, in appearance as well as in fact. So he dressed himself in his fighting clothes, and with two great navy revolvers, that had done him such good service in his effort to exterminate the human family, buckled around his waist, a gun in each hand, apparently ready for action, and with a defiant look on his face, he took an attitude which, for warlike appearance, would excel that of a Grecian soldier.



FRANK RANDE,
FROM PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN AT GALESBURG, ILLINOIS,
DURING THE TRIAL.

In the above style, on a paper card about 2x4 inches, his full picture appeared. Printed on the back of each card appeared this inscription: "Frank Rande, the Great Bandit of the West." There were many thousands of those photos struck off, and many thousands disposed of to the curious public for the sum of twenty-five cents each. Rande, of course, received half the profit, which from all accounts was no small amount.

The public press having previously given such publicity to this man's crimes, there was a call made for his pictures in every town and village in the West. There is a town in Iowa called Fairfield, the inhabitants of which were no exception to the rule. They too had a curiosity to know how this bad man looked, and by an order from some one of their number, a dozen or more of the photos were sent to that city. There chanced to be living in that quiet little town a family by the name of Scott. The old gentleman's first name being Melchi, and a more respected and honored citizen did not live in that city than he. The family consisted of himself, wife, six boys and several girls. All with the exception of one of the children were either making their home with their parents or living in or near the above mentioned city. This exception being Charlie, the eldest of the family, whom none of his people had seen or heard of for about six years.

By chance one of the photos was shown to the elderly Scott. The old man had hardly raised the little paste-board before his eyes, when he dropped it to the floor, and cried out, "Oh, my God, this is my son Charlie!"

Sure enough the old man's identification of his wayward son was correct. The great mystery as to the identity of this desperate outlaw was then fully established. Sheriff Hitchcock, on receiving this important bit of information, made a flying visit to the supposed former home of the desperado, and on that officer's

return, he had the following very interesting report to make :

"I found that it was in the summer of 1850, Melchi Scott, father of the man who calls himself Rande, first settled in the city of Fairfield, Iowa. He had moved to that point from Classiville, Washington County, Pa., bringing with him eight or ten children, six of whom were boys, and had since made his home in that city. The old man was a member of the M. E. Church, and during his seventeen years residence in that city, I could not," said Hitchcock, "find one person who had aught to say against him. The old man felt keenly the disgrace wrought by the evil conduct of his son. Everyone well knew that the parents were in no way to blame, and the people of that city were trying to make the old people believe and feel that the sympathies of the community were with them." Hitchcock said the old people were bearing up under their trouble in sorrow and silence; acting only as parents could toward an erring child, and now in their advanced age it was difficult to tell the result of this last fearful blow.

As to Charles Scott, alias Frank Rande's earlier history, Mr. Hitchcock ascertained the following facts: Charley, as they called him, was then thirty-five years of age, having come to that city after his father did, in 1850. He was then about 22 years of age. He remained there for some time, but afterwards went to Minnesota. During his stay there he was married, remaining in Minnesota for some years. He finally returned to Fairfield. He did not stay long, however, and just there seemed to be a short blank in his life of which Hitchcock was unable to learn anything more.

He was next heard of at Albia, Iowa, where he robbed a store some time early in 1872. A bill was found against him by the grand jury, and he was admitted to bail in the

sum of \$1,000—his father being his bondsman. While out on bale a trunk was stolen from the depot at Ottumwa, and was found in his possession. So he was again arrested and lodged in jail in that city. On the 6th of April, that year, he succeeded in making his escape from the Ottumwa jail by sawing the steel bars of his cell. Thence he started for Fairfield, intending to remain there until the affair had quieted down.

In making this journey he became very much fatigued, and appropriated a mule belonging to a farmer. During that night he lost the road, and permitted the mule to take its own course; and about daylight next morning the animal landed him at his owner's door. The farmer and his grown-up son, each with a gun, compelled the thief to remain with them until Sheriff Beck, of Fairfield, arrived. He was then locked up in the county jail.

The next morning, during the absence of the guard for a few minutes, he almost succeeded in making his escape, having made a rope of his blanket and reached the roof of the building. The sheriff used his persuader and induced him to come down. He was then turned over to the sheriff of Wapello county. The sheriff of Monroe county afterwards started with him on the train for Albia, and while en route Charlie jumped through a car window while the train was running at the rate of twenty-five miles an hour; and although heavily ironed, made good his escape. And from that time up to the day his photograph, as previously mentioned, revealed his identity, none of his people knew where he was or what had become of him.

In Iowa, Charles Scott was known as a skillful burglar and an adroit thief; had always been notorious, as has also been his dare-devil actions and careless manner. However, it was not thought in that city that he had added murder to his other crimes until the recent devel-

opments, which left no doubt in their minds as to his identity.

He was noted for his shrewdness and sagacity. And his frequent escapes from jail, those people told me, said Hitchcock, could be accounted for from the fact that in his early life he learned the trade of gunsmith, and was quite an expert mechanic; and owing to the peculiar formation of his limbs it was impossible to keep irons on him when he objected to them.

He was, they said, a skillful penman; had studied both law and medicine, and at one time had intended to practice the former. He had taught penmanship, and at one time preached the gospel. He could speak, read and write German, and could talk Swedish, French, Latin and Greek quite well. It fact, it was said by those who knew him in his younger days, that he possessed a most wonderful memory. So remarkable was that faculty that when Charlie (as they persisted in calling him) was but twelve years old, according to the declarations of his relatives, he could readily recite every word in the New Testament.

Mr. Hitchcock said the father of Charlie had a little property; not any more than would keep him comfortably in his declining years; yet he thought he might be foolish enough to sacrifice every dollar he had to save his son's neck. He had two other sons living in Fairfield, both of whom were possessed of some property, and they, too, would give it all up if it would but save their brother's neck from the gallows.

The reader can see from these later developments the leading facts in regard to Rande's whereabouts prior to his showing up in Peoria Co., Ill. These are apparent, both from the letter received from the Northern Indiana Penitentiary and from what was learned of his earlier history on the occasion of Hitchcock's visit to Fairfield,

Iowa. It shows that officer's theory to be correct as to Rande's having been recently confined in the penitentiary, but wrong as to it having been in the one located at Joliet, Ill. However, that theory was exploded some days before the prisoner's removal from St. Louis, Hitchcock having received word from the officials of the Joliet penitentiary that no such man had ever been received in that institution.

Well, as before stated, the prisoner was given ten days to prepare himself for trial. The people's witnesses, about fifty in number, had all been cited to appear before the court on the morning of December 11th. There was a rumor afloat that an effort on the part of the defense would be made to have the case continued until the next term of court. But the people of that county, in consequence of the trouble and expense to which they had been subjected in the bringing of this man into the confines of the law, would naturally interpret a move of that kind as an inexcusable act on the part of the defense, in doing what they considered nothing less than trifling with the law.

There was a large number of strangers in the city that morning, having been attracted there to see the prisoner and hear the trial, among whom there was quite a delegation of determined looking men from St. Elmo, Ill. And as almost the entire populace of Gilson and the country adjacent thereto were in Galesburg that day, Sheriff Berggren and his deputies felt some apprehension as to the turn matters might take in case the court decided to grant a second continuance of the case, inasmuch as at that time it was a well-known fact that a desperate effort by the defense would be made to accomplish that end.

The prisoner was brought into court at nine o'clock. Court was then being held in the Grand Opera House,

and on this occasion all available space in that large hall was filled with people, all eager to catch a glimpse of the noted outlaw and hear what was to be said.

Notwithstanding Rande's alleged inability to pay counsel, no less than six lawyers appeared in his behalf when he was brought into court that morning for trial.

It appeared that the late discovery of his identity with that of Charles Scott, which had been made some days prior, caused his relatives, who had lived in Fairfield, Iowa, to come to his rescue and take active measures in his behalf. Then Hon. D. P. Stubbs, of Fairfield, Iowa, and Messrs. A. Bradshaw, of Bloomington, Ill., and Ben F. Clark, of St. Louis, were found to be associated with the defense.

The state's attorney of Knox county at that time was that able and sagacious lawyer, J. J. Tunncliffe. Knox county had retained, to assist the state in this case, Attorney A. McKinzie, who bore a reputation as a public prosecutor second to none in the State.

Court opened at nine o'clock, the first case on the calendar being that of the People vs. Frank Rande; and without further delay the case was called for trial.

A motion was at once made for a continuance until the next term of court. In support of this motion there were many affidavits made, the first one presented to the court being a very lengthy one from the defendant. This set forth, among other things, that when he was removed from St. Louis to the Knox County jail he did not know what he was charged with, and that he expected to prove by certain witnesses, whose homes were in some other State than that of Illinois, that the revolvers found on his person when arrested were not the ones stolen from Lilly's store, and that he had not as yet been able to secure their presence, but could by the next term of court, etc. Each of his paid attorneys made affidavits that, owing to the

fact that they had just been called into the case and had not been given sufficient time to acquaint themselves with the facts in the case, etc., etc., they could not by any manner of means safely proceed with the case.

Of course there was a vigorous effort made by the people's attorney to induce the court to overrule the motion and have the case proceed at once. The court sustained the defendant's motion, however, and in granting a continuance took occasion to say: "Neither the court nor the people of Knox county can afford to let it be said that the prisoner did not get a fair trial. Taking into consideration the prisoner's wounds, the absence of his witnesses, and the fact that counsel had just come into the case, the court holds that if he should overrule the motion it would be declared an error by the Supreme Court. Therefore, he would grant a continuance to the next term."

The above is only a synopsis of what the learned judge took occasion to say when the motion on the part of the defendant was sustained. As a matter of memory what he did say seemed to have a soothing effect upon the infuriated populace, both of Gilson and St. Elmo, Ill., who were present, seemingly for the purpose of taking the law into their own hands, if anything should develop that was to them proof positive that the law was not to be properly executed.

To the satisfaction of the court and the county officers, not an unlawful move was made. When the prisoner was being conveyed back to jail there could be seen large groups of brave and well meaning men, discussing pro and con, as to what the next move would be on the part of those shrewd attorneys to save the neck of the wretch, who had so wantonly murdered a number of their friends and neighbors. Not one word fell from any of their lips much above a whisper. They were as quiet as if at a

RANDE'S GALLANTRY TO A POOR WOMAN.

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funeral. And before many hours had passed all who had been summoned, together with those who, for other purposes, had visited the city on that occasion, were on the road to their respective homes. There was nothing more for the people to do, but wait for the February term of court.

From the character, reputation and known ability of at least two of the counsel for the defense, namely, Stubbs, of Iowa, and Clark, of St. Louis, it was a settled fact in the citizens' minds that every hook or crook, technicality, and means of any kind or nature known to the criminal practice, would be resorted to by the defendant's counsel. But all believed that these schemes would be more shrewdly and ably carried out by the two above mentioned, to save the neck of this man-killer, if not again turn him loose upon the public highways.

"That calamity, said one good citizen, "in all due respect to Attorneys Stubbs and Clark, who are to be paid for their services, and Bradshaw, who is after a little notoriety, by the grace of God we will never submit to."

However, everything went along quietly for a week or two. Then there was a well grounded rumor afloat that the next move to be made by the defense was to take a change of venue, and have the case tried in some other county than that of Knox. Of course there was only one construction to be placed on a move of that kind, and that was that it was the purpose of delay, and to try to weary the people out in following the case. And when they had accomplished all they could in the way of delays, then to have the case tried before a judge and jury whom they could more easily influence with their eloquence, and more effectually hoodwink with their rotten technicalities than the court and jury of Knox County.

Well, this move on the part of the criminal's counsel was contemplated and would no doubt have been at-

tempted but for the hard conditions imposed by the law. First of all, to accomplish that end, the statute provides that two reputable citizens of the county from which the case is sought to be removed have to make oath that they do not think the prisoner can have a fair and impartial trial in their county. And more, that they further believe and know that the judge of said court is to such an extent prejudiced against the criminal that he cannot have a fair and impartial hearing before him, etc., etc. And, let it be said to the eternal credit of the citizens of Knox County, Ill., not one of them on that occasion, for either promise or reward, would stultify or perjure himself for the purpose of having that ignominious end accomplished.

There was nothing more of interest sprung upon the public in regard to this particular case for several days. Meanwhile, Rande's agents were busy scattering his photographs all over the country. One or more of these dropped into the hands of the police force at Indianapolis, Ind., and were at once recognized by two of their number as the desperado, who, on the evening of October 8th last past, they had very serious trouble with. It seems that a few days prior to that date Rande had made a flying visit to that city. His stopping place while there was in that part of the big city the principal inhabitants of which were the lowest of the low. And the house where he received his meals and lodging was occupied by both black and white, than which no lower grade of humanity could be found in that city.

It appears that on the evening of the above mentioned date, an old woman who occupied a shanty near where Rande was stopping, had gathered up a wheelbarrow load of kindling wood, and was on her way home with it, when the owner of the building where the wood had been purloined met her, and demanded that the wood should at once be taken back to where it belonged. The old woman

demurred. Rande was attracted by the loud talk, and walked over to investigate. Of course he took the side of the woman, and in less than a minute had beaten the man's head almost to a jelly. Some of the people who witnessed the affair thought the man had been murdered.

The police were summoned in great haste. It was not many minutes before Officer T. W. Durham and a brother officer were on the scene. Rande had plenty of time to flee before the arrival of the police. He stood his ground, however, making no objections to being arrested, and started away with the officer as quiet as a lamb. He talked so nicely, the officers were thrown somewhat off their guard. As soon as Rande found he had accomplished his purpose, quick as a flash he jerked a gun out of his boot top, and with the barrel of that weapon he laid out one of the officers with a blow over the top of his head, and then started to run. Looking back he saw the unhurt policeman following up, and at the same time trying to get his revolver in readiness to use. Rande stopped short and drew a bead on the approaching officer, sending a bullet into his hip. The officer dropped to the ground. Of course that stopped further pursuit after the criminal.

Rande then leisurely walked away from the field of action, making his escape complete. He was not seen or heard of by the Indianapolis police until the card bearing his photograph was shown to those two officers, who fully identified him as the man who shot and severely wounded Office Durham on the evening of October last past. This identification was verified by a visit made to Galesburg by the two officers, during the trial of Rande. They not only recognized the culprit, but he himself acknowledged that "they had made no mistake." He was the man who had done the shooting, and his only regrets were, that he

had not "fired a little higher and done a better job while he was at it."

The man whom Rande had so severely beaten over the kindling wood racket recovered, but was a long time about it. The policeman hit over the head with the gun was knocked senseless, but was soon all right. Officer Durham, who was shot in the hip, was laid up with his wounds for two months, but pulled through all right. Of course the discovery being made at this time of additional crimes this desperado had been guilty of, served to somewhat keep up the excitement until his case was again called up in the court.

CHAPTER VII.

The February term of the Knox County Circuit Court convened on Monday, the fourth. On Tuesday, the fifth, the Rande case was called for trial. As it was believed there would be no more delay, but the court would proceed to try the case, the Opera House, where this trial was to take place, was filled to overflowing. Promptly at nine o'clock, Rande, the central figure of this tragic drama about to commence, entered the court room in charge of Sheriff Berggren and three or four deputies. He had hand-cuffs on his wrists, but the irons were concealed by the long sleeves of his overcoat. A new suit of clothes had taken the place of the blood-stained garments worn at the time of his other appearance in court; and with his beard trimmed, and complexion made much lighter by confinement, he made rather a fine appearance. However, his eyes still possessed that glitter, noticeable at his first arraignment. He had recovered from the gunshot wounds which so disabled him that he was unable to proceed to trial when his case was previously called in court. Upon his entering the court room that morning, he still retained that easy, swinging gait and air of careless unconcern that was characteristic of him on other occasions.

On the prisoner being seated in his box, the court addressing the counsel for the defense said: "Gentlemen, the State's Attorney has called up the case of the People vs. Rande, are you ready for trial?" After a short consultation together, O. F. Price, said, "we are ready."

Then, without further delay the clerk called twelve of the regular panel, and the examination as to competency commenced.

The great trial opened with the following array of counsel: On the part of the people, State's Attorney J. J. Tunncliffe was assisted by A. McKinzie (ex-State's Attorney), and at that time one of the ablest prosecutors in the state. For the defense appeared Hon. P. D. Stubbs, of Fairfield, Iowa (the former home of the defendant), and C. G. Bradshaw, of Bloomington, Ill. The other three of the counsel, having for some unknown reason dropped out of the case.

One by one the regular panel of the jury was excused, and only one juror was chosen from the twenty-four. The court then ordered a special venire of one hundred to be called to report as fast as summoned. In the afternoon of that day the tedious task of examining the special venire was put in progress; and up to adjournment that evening, seven jurors had been selected, and sworn to try the case. The seven jurors selected on the first day were all farmers, and every one of them had the appearance of being intelligent. All had heard of the murder of Belden, and the capture and indictment of Rande as the murderer. But strange as it may appear none of them had formed or expressed an opinion as to his guilt.

On the coming in of court the next morning, the crowd in the hall seemed to be as great as on the day before. There was nothing that day but the examining of jurors; and as the result of the entire day's work in that line, only one more was added to the number, making eight agreed upon at the end of the second day. The only incident of the day was the meeting of Rande and his father. His arrival was unexpected by his son, and when they met, the poor old father, after holding his son's hands a few minutes in silence, burst into tears.

Rande himself was wholly unmoved, and commenced to converse with others who were near him.

On the next morning a second special venire of fifty persons was brought into court. As usual it was not long after the opening of court until the hall was crowded with spectators. To the credit of the Galesburg women, be it said, up to this stage of the proceedings, not one of them had been attracted to the hall by any morbid curiosity to see this man-killer. But now, for the first time in the history of the case, a few of the gentle sex were on hand, and took a lively interest in the proceedings.

While the examination of jurors was in progress the audience yawned, the judge pulled lazily at his beard, and the prisoner calmly read the newspapers. His old father, an honest looking farmer of sixty-five, sat behind his son and paid much attention to the proceedings.

At half-past three o'clock on that day the jury was secured, about all the panel being from the neighborhood of Altona, a small town on the opposite side of the county from the scene of the murder.

State's Attorney Tunncliffe then stated the case for the people, occupying over one hour's time in its delivery. He explained what the people could prove as to the guilt of the defendant in a most masterly and convincing way. He followed the prisoner from the day he visited Lilly's shop in Elmwood until the day he robbed Mr. Price's residence in Gilson, showing that as to his being guilty of this robbery there was no question. The people had a number of witnesses who saw the defendant enter the farm house, saw him come out, and whose eyes never left him until after he had shot to death Mr. Belden, one of the pursuers. And when Mr. Tunncliffe was making so plain the guilt of this man, of the many awful crimes committed by him, the only defense his counsel could conjure up was that of insanity; and, if they failed in that, to claim

that the people did a great wrong in arresting this man without a warrant.

While the state's attorney was weaving his fateful web of evidence, and the entire audience was listening in absolute silence to the narration of the Gilson tragedy, the prisoner appeared the only one unconcerned, and amused himself in the reading of the Chicago papers. The story of finding the vest with the express receipt in it, and the satchel with the revolvers in it in the corn-field, created a profound impression on all but the defendant himself.

Mr. Stubbs opened for the defense. He said it was hard for any case not to have two sides, and asked the jury to allow him to state what the defense considered the law and facts in the case. He then proceeded to explain what the evidence would be in reference to the alleged insanity of the prisoner. After dwelling upon that old dodge for about one hour, he then took up the subject of hue and cry, as it applied in this case, and, among other things, this learned attorney said he "believed that the men in pursuit made a violent and wicked assault on the man in the corn-field near Gilson, and that he, being treated as a wolf, defended himself even to death, and that the killing was not murder." Mr. Stubbs concluded by reminding the jury of the time-honored maxim that it was "better to let ninety-nine guilty escape than to convict one innocent man." Court then adjourned for the day.

On the coming in of court at 9 o'clock the following morning the hall was found crowded with witnesses and spectators, as it had been from the beginning of this trial. The jury, as finally constituted, consisted of Frank Barnes, Joseph P. Clark, William Fritz, William Overlander, P. M. Rodecker, H. A. Cashman, Samuel Rankin, Edwin Vestal,

Martin Lowrey, Jackson Farr, Mathew Pierce and J. H. Pence.

The state's attorney produced a plat of Gilson and its neighborhood, showing the house of Woodford Pearce, where the burglary was committed, the tracks through the corn-field, and the spot where Belden was killed and the others shot.

The first witness put upon the stand was Woodford Pearce, a man about sixty years of age. He testified that he was a resident of Knox county, his home being near Gilson ; that he knew Belden. On August fifth last, witness went to church ; on returning home found that his house had been burglarized, and that among the articles stolen was a gold pen and holder, a pair of scissors, a duster and seventy-five dollars in money. He also told about finding the thief's tracks where they led to his house, and the course the thief took after leaving, etc. He also fully identified a pair of scissors shown him while on the witness stand as the ones stolen from his house on the occasion spoken of, which were afterwards shown to have been found in the satchel which Rande dropped in the corn-field at the time the shooting was done between him and his pursuers, but a few moments after the house of Mr. Pearce had been burglarized. The witness was severely cross-examined, but nothing was elicited favorable to the defense.

The next witness called was Mrs. Pearce, wife of first witness. She, of course, went to church with her husband, and went from there home with him, and testified to their house being burglarized during their absence, and the articles stolen. Her evidence on that point was precisely the same as that of her husband. She also clearly identified the scissors as the ones stolen from their house on that occasion. While Bradshaw, of Bloomington, subjected this old lady to a brow-beating style of cross-

examination, her direct testimony was not impaired in the least.

Harry M. Dowell was the next witness. He testified that on the forenoon of Sunday, August 5th, while returning from Sunday school, when passing Pearce's house, he saw a man crawling through their fence. The man went to the front gate, looked around, and then to the kitchen door. He fully identified Rande as that man. In the cross-examination the witness said this happened between eleven and twelve o'clock. He, the witness, was driving a team. He did not speak to the man, nor the man to him. Here, again, Attorney Bradshaw saw the importance of this testimony, and almost wore himself out in his effort to tangle up this boy witness, thereby to weaken his testimony. But no go. Every crack he would make at this intelligent lad, he, the smart attorney, would get the worst of it.

Right here may be given an explanation that ought to have appeared in its proper place. It should have been made before any testimony was written up; and that is, no attempt will be made to give any of the testimony in full; not the tenth part of it will appear, for two reasons: one is, it is not at hand to give; another reason is, if it were available, and all that was said and done in the seventeen days' trial of this notable case were published in full, it alone would fill a book of one hundred pages. Therefore, only the names of each witness, both for the prosecution and the defense, and the main points (if they have any point) of the testimony as taken from the original minutes, now at hand, will be given.

William A. Clark, Jr., was the next witness. He testified that on August 5th he was notified that Pearce's house had been robbed by a tramp. He joined in the pursuit with Mr. Cramer, Mr. Holloway and others. The witness' brother called attention to a man hiding in the

timber. He had a valise with him. They ran toward him, and he, the tramp, cried out: "Halt, you son of a ——!" and fired two shots. Witness followed, and the tramp shot again. Pointing to the prisoner, the witness said: "That is the man!" The witness said by this time more assistance had arrived, Belden being among the number. Belden and the witness were together. Belden picked up a ramrod. The witness identified the rod produced as the one Belden picked up in the corn-field. He described the tracking through the corn-field where Belden met his death and McCown was shot through the lungs. Witness heard Belden speak. Rand used some vile words and fired. Belden fell, and the witness heard him say, "Boys, he has killed me." Witness followed Rande about seventy yards further through the corn. There was another shot, and McCown fell, wounded through the lungs. The cross-examination was long and vigorous, but utterly failed in its purpose to shake his testimony. In reply to Price, the witness, among other things said Rande first shot Belden's horse. Belden called on him to stop; he then fired, and Belden fell. The witness recognized the satchel produced in court as being the one Rande had with him in the corn-field.

Willie Keller was the next witness, a bright, little boy then eleven years old. Testified that he accompanied the pursuing party on the date above mentioned. Some one called to the tramp to stop. He did so, and drew his revolver to shoot. Holloway, one of our party, drew his revolver, and the man shot. "Who shot?" asked the defendant's attorney. "That fellow over there," answered the boy, pointing to Rande. Continuing, the boy said Rande had a gun and satchel which he threw away, and which Mr. Cramer, one of their party, picked up. The boy went on to say the last shot that Rande fired struck him, the witness, in the foot.

"How do you know that was the last shot the tramp fired?" inquired the great Bloomington attorney.

"There might have been more but I did not hear them."

"If there had been any more fired could you not have heard them?" inquired this great defender.

"Yes, there might have been some other shots fired, other than the one that hit me, but my foot pained me so bad I could not tell what did happen after that."

The learned attorney said, "Ah, is that so?"

In further cross-examination of this witness, he said he had been to Sunday school, and had left his dinner unfinished to go with the crowd after the tramp. He had not talked with anybody about the identity of Rande excepting his father, who asked him if that man (pointing to Rande) was the man who shot him in the foot. He said he told his father, "yes, he is," and that "there is no mistake about it."

These great lawyers for the defense did their best by brow-beating to break down the evidence of this lad, but to no purpose. The longer they frothed around, the stronger the truth of his evidence became fixed, both in the minds of the court and jury. Nevertheless, they kept this intelligent little boy on the stand for over an hour. Finally the court interposed, and this ever truthful young witness, amid the smothered applause of a thousand people, was permitted to take his seat out of the box.

Joseph Cramer was the next witness. He too was one of the pursuing party. His evidence was substantially the same as that of the witnesses who had just preceded him, with this exception, he would not swear positively that the defendant was the man who killed Belden, but he resembled him very much, and he thought he was the man, etc.

James Rebstock was the next. It appeared in his

testimony that he was the man who did the most running around notifying the people of the burglary, and getting them started after the thief. And when he himself started in pursuit, the fight was about over, and he met a party coming back with the dead body of Belden. On his leaving the stand, court adjourned for the day.

Court opened Saturday morning at the usual hour, with a great rush for seats. The first witness called was Mr. Lilly, of Elmwood.

This witness' testimony was very damaging to the defendant. He narrated, in a plain and intelligent way, all about Rande's visit to his gun-shop on the third of August; about his giving him the short ramrod, and about the robbery of his store that night, and what articles were stolen, etc. Witness also testified about visiting Gilson on the sixth of August, and he fully identified the ramrod that was picked up off the battlefield as the one he gave the defendant. He also identified the satchel found at the same place, as the one defendant had in his possession when he visited his shop.

The cross-examination of this witness failed in the least respect to cripple Mr. Lilly's testimony.

The next three witnesses for the people were farmers who lived on the wagon road lying between Elmwood and Gilson. They each testified to having seen the defendant on the fourth of August, traveling on foot, coming from the direction of Elmwood, and going in that of Gilson. On cross-examination they each said they were not mistaken in the defendant as being the man they met on that occasion.

Frank Hitchcock was the next witness. He told how he came in possession of the ramrod and the express receipt; how he had fished the latter out of the lining of the vest he then held in his hand; how he had followed the defendant from place to place by means of letters,

postal cards and tags that were on packages; identifying him by his handwriting. The similarity of these was so striking there could be no mistake that the man he was after, and caused to be apprehended in St Louis, was no other than the man who lost or threw away his vest at Gilson on the fifth of August last.

The attorneys for the defense objected to about everything to which this witness testified, but allowed him to leave the stand without cross-examination.

The next witness was Ed. Wright, the St. Louis pawnbroker, who testified to the arrest of defendant in his place, and to all the business transactions he had ever had with him, etc. On cross-examination the witness was asked if officers were in the habit of arresting people without warrants, and if he had one in this case, or if the police had a warrant for defendant, etc., and why and by whose authority he had ordered the police to make the arrest. The witness then explained all about the Chief of Police of Peoria, Ill., coming to him and explaining what a bad man this Rande was, the many crimes he had committed, and how Sheriff Hitchcock and himself had followed him from one place to another, and how much they desired to get their hands upon him, etc. "I, of course, being an ex-police officer myself, was very much interested in the Peoria officer's narrative, and believed every word he said, and was more than anxious to help make the collar. After I received instructions from Chief McDonald to go ahead, and carry out the wish of the officer from Peoria, the two of us, without delay, set a trap to bag the game, provided he put in an appearance, which the Peoria officer said he surely would. And, as I have before stated, he came and was overpowered and arrested, and that, too, without a warrant as far as I have any knowledge."

After the cross-examination of this witness, the State's Attorney said that it was their case.

The first witness called for the defense was Melchi Scott, father of the prisoner. On taking the witness stand he said he had resided in Fairfield, Iowa, seventeen years. The prisoner was thirty-eight years old, and was married when twenty-four. Up to that time he was a good boy, and paid much attention to Sunday school and his books. His wife died three months after marriage. In 1853 he was thrown out of a buggy, and after that he did not seem so bright. From the time his wife died his actions were strange, and he always said he was a ruined man and would not be of any use any more. At the burial of his wife he wanted to throw himself into the grave, and at other times he would say something which indicated that he did not care for her. He moved to Minnesota, and on his return home on a visit he wore a buckskin coat. The witness thought this coat a very inferior garment, but Charlie thought there was nothing on earth equal to it, and did so much bragging and blowing about it that everybody thought him crazy. The witness said there had been insanity in the family. He (the witness) had an uncle that was crazy for twelve years before he died; and for fourteen years he had considered his son, the defendant, insane.

On cross-examination he admitted that he had not seen or heard of his son for six years. Charlie was teaching school when he was married. His wife was a splendid woman and witness was acquainted with her before the marriage. Never told her Charlie was insane. He had seen other persons afflicted by the death of a dear friend or wife, but never exactly in the way Charlie was. The witness gave a detailed story of the accident when Charlie was "jammed all over," and for a time rendered uncon-

scious, so that when he recovered he was not exactly the same boy, nor had he ever been right since.

Mrs. Elizabeth Scott, mother of the defendant, was the next witness. She said she was seventy-four years old, and said Charlie was the brightest boy they had raised. He was inclined to books and excelled all his class-mates at school; was a graduate of the University and master of the German and Swedish languages. He was absent-minded after the accident. He loved his wife very much. After the funeral he came to live with the witness, and at times he was insane. He smashed a lot of her queensware and killed an old hen that had a lot of young chickens. The witness was very much afraid of him, and believed his mind was injured by the buggy accident. She repeated the story of the objectionable buckskin coat which her son persisted in wearing, although offered other garments. She hated to tell how badly he acted when he slew the old hen and smashed the crockery. He was always the pride of her life, and she could not scold him, but only said, "why, Charlie, how you do act."

It seems that the defendant had at one time broken up a school; and in the cross-examination of the witness on that point, the old lady said: "The reason Charlie gave for breaking up the school at Batavia was that some other young man wanted to marry his girl. The school directors dismissed him after the trouble occurred." When the witness would tell him he was crazy or he would not act as he did, he said he was "not afraid of anything, not even of his Maker."

The witness thought Charlie was and is insane. If she should go to judgment to-morrow, she would want to die with those words on her lips. She never rebuked him until after he began to demonstrate these peculiarities. His father went his bail for \$1,000, and he got out, but he came back afterwards and was grabbed again. His father

refused to have anything more to do with him, and "that Lawyer Stubbs there knew all about it." One more question was asked the old lady, and that was if there had been any insanity in her family. She answered, "There has not."

Leroy Scott, brother of the defendant, was the next witness. He much resembled the defendant. He swore his brother was raving mad after the death of his wife. The witness very glibly repeated the evidence of his father as to the appearance of Rande when he came from Minnesota with that disreputable old buckskin coat on his back. The witness saw the prisoner in Albia, Iowa, and was disgusted to find that he had been indicted for burglary. This was in 1871. His brother was arrested again at Ottumwa, and escaped from jail. The witness knew nothing of him for over five years previous to the time he met him here in jail. At the time his father bailed him out of jail, the witness tried to reform him, and told him that he need not fear the old indictment, they would go to the mountains in Colorado or to Kansas. He, of course, would not accept his offer. He looked wild and excited. Nothing would calm him, except little children. He believed his brother to be insane—wholly insane—crazy, and told him so; and with an oath he replied: "They drove me mad." If he had not pitied his brother, he would have had him arrested and put in an insane asylum.

Mrs. Nancy Yancey, a colored woman, was the next witness. Said she had known the Scott family for sixteen years. Her husband was a minister and a public speaker. Charlie Scott used to come to their house to talk politics; this was before he fell out of the buggy. He was an awful smart boy at that time, but after he met with the accident he was altogether different. She had heard him say that he did not believe in God, hell or the devil. In the place of that mild, religious look he used to have, his

brows were contracted and he now had a vicious look out of his eyes. The witness fully believed the prisoner became insane after he lost his wife, and "had told his sister so."

William Swayne, of Fairfield, was the next witness. He knew the prisoner and saw him at the time of his wife's sickness, and believed from his actions the man was crazy. In his cross-examination it appeared that Rande expressed some sorrow at the loss of his wife, and that was all the insanity he knew of.

Mr. Morrison, of Fairfield, also thought the prisoner was crazy. It did not appear why.

Mrs. Annie Morrison, of Fairfield, sister of the prisoner, swore to his peculiar actions after the death of his wife. He said she need not have died if properly attended to. The witness thought no sane man would have said that.

Court then adjourned for the day.

On the opening of court the next morning, the defense put William Scott, brother of the defendant, on the stand. The witness knew nothing about his brother's behavior at the funeral, nor on his return from Minnesota. In 1871 he met his brother at Glenwood, Iowa, where he was with Van Amburgh's circus, running a candy stand. He wanted witness to sell out his blacksmith shop and go in with him in the candy business. The witness said, "Charlie, you must be crazy." He (the witness) believed this to be the fact, for his appearance was strange and his conversation rambling.

Sheriff Berggren was the next witness. He said he knew Rande's handwriting, and believed certain alleged poetry handed in by the defense was in his handwriting. One of the attorneys for the defense read the stuff. It was horrible rubbish, full of thieves' slang and profanity.

A Mrs. Graham, who was expected to testify for the

defense, not having arrived, it was agreed that if she came before the case was given to the jury her evidence should be admitted. With this exception the defense closed their side of the case.

Their expert, on whose account a half day was wasted, failed to appear; and there was strong presumption that he would not have helped the case much, even though he had made his appearance.

The State's Attorney called the names of over a dozen witnesses whom he proposed to use in rebuttal.

Charles A. Manning, deputy warden of the Northern Indiana Penitentiary, testified that he knew the prisoner for five years. He was employed in the chair factory, and did his work well. He was not sick, so far as the witness knew, during his sojourn in the prison, and ate and slept well.

The irrepressible Bradshaw poured in a perfect broadside of objections to the testimony of this witness. When this great lawyer had been allowed his privilege of having the last word, Mr. Manning proceeded to tell how Rande behaved himself in the prison.

The witness said "when Rande was brought in the sheriff from Fort Wayne gave him a very bad name. He complained he had got too long a term, and declared his intention to 'beat the place.'" The witness told him he could shorten his time by behaving himself. This advice was wasted on him, as he was constantly getting into trouble and fights with other prisoners. Scarcely a day passed but he was writing notes and talking to other prisoners, trying to get up a mutiny. The witness never saw or heard of anything that indicated insanity on the prisoner's part. He was not subject to fits or other disease while in the prison.

The Bloomington lawyer, Bradshaw, objected to the whole of this testimony, but the court overruled his ob-

jections, and Mr. Price, for the defense, cross-examined the witness.

Mr. Manning said he did not know of any scars on Rande's person. He was removed from one shop to another in consequence of his bad behavior, and was made to carry a ball and chain. The witness did not regard Van Zandt, alias Rande, as "rattled," but believed him to be mean and contemptible, capable of doing all sorts of miserable acts, and without a single redeeming trait in his character.

The next witness was Robert E. Sutton. He testified that he was deputy warden in the Indiana Penitentiary. He knew the man they call Frank Rande by the name of Charles Arthur Van Zandt. He was sent to their prison September 12th, 1872, for grand larceny, and discharged May 2d, 1877. The witness never noticed any wild, roving expressions in the prisoner's eyes. He considered him rather shrewd than otherwise. He saw nothing whatever to lead him to the belief that the prisoner was insane, and never so believed. In cross-examination witness repeated that there was no peculiar appearance in the prisoner's eyes while in the penitentiary. He had noticed, however, that the prisoner scowled at him and at other witnesses while in court.

Franklin Meyers, another of the penitentiary officers, knew Rande while in the prison, and "did not consider him insane or anything like it." This witness was not cross-examined.

Police Officer Durham, of Indianapolis, was the next witness. He detailed the circumstances of the arrest and shooting in that city. He considered the actions of Rande and the manner of his escape as being shrewd, and not indicative of insanity. Rande had admitted to him only yesterday that he was the man who shot witness, and said "the d—d old wheelbarrow load of wood

was not worth anything," and that he went back that night to kill the old negro who had called the police. Rande gave as a reason, the witness said, for going to such a low down place of iniquity as the ranch in Indianapolis, that he was safer there than anywhere else from the police.

Officer Heffernan, of St. Louis, told the same story as that already recited in these pages, of the arrest in the St. Louis pawnshop and the murder of Officer White. While they were removing Rande to the hospital he said to the police that he "would like to kill a dozen of such d—d officers as they were." In the witness' judgment, "Rande was of sound mind then and now." Both officers were in full uniform when they made the arrest. It was in broad day light, in a business street in the central part of town. "Rande was sober and made a desperate fight."

Dr. Dean, resident physician of the St. Louis hospital, was the next witness. He testified that the prisoner was under his care from Nov. 16th to the 22d. This was after he was shot in the pawnshop fight. Rande showed no evidence of insanity; "was not incoherent in his conversation; he professed to be an atheist, and did not believe in God." The doctor was positive that Rande was sane, "then and now." Rande was quick at repartee, and very egotistical. It seemed he liked rather to be thought a big scoundrel than a fool, and while talking he was very cautious about giving himself away. He offered to sell the witness his body, but perhaps might not have been in earnest, for, as he remarked, "a man is never dead until the breath is out of him."

J. S. Ritchie, a guard in the Knox County jail, was the next witness. He said he had watched Rande nights for two months. The prisoner had slept well and seemed contented. He only got excited when talking about po-

licemen and other officers. When the officers from Peoria, St. Louis, Indianapolis or St. Elmo talked to him he would become somewhat excited and use bad language toward them. The witness "thought him sane."

Sheriff Berggren was the next witness. He considered Rande too sanguine about the sale of his pictures; could not see any evidence of insanity about him. He was quick and sharp, and the witness believed him sane and capable of reasoning like anybody else. After the cross-examination of this witness the court adjourned.

The tenth day's proceedings of this great trial commenced at the usual hour the next morning. The court room was crowded; the gallery of the hall being given up entirely to the ladies, who seemed to enjoy "seeing and being seen." And they came early and came to stay. The prisoner came into court with eight attendants. Deputy Sheriff Blood was determined that it should not be his fault if the guard was not strong enough and watchful enough to deal with any emergency that might arise. The first gun of the day was fired by Bradshaw. That irrepressible individual wanted the medical experts who were to testify that day, put into separate cages. The court said it was not the practice to separate experts, and thereupon over-ruled the motion.

Dr. E. A. Kilbourne, medical superintendent of the Northern Hospital for the insane at Elgin, Ill., was sworn. He had had eight years experience with insane people, had visited Rande at the jail some days since, and had a long interview with him. For the purpose of introducing himself the witness purchased a photograph of the prisoner. At this point of the proceedings, this man Bradshaw, yelled out, "we are objecting to all this." The witness went on to say that he tried to bring out all evidence that might be found. He questioned Rande about his life in Pennsylvania and Iowa, and in every particular,

both as to names, etc., his account was correct. Rande read to the witness from Byron's "Vision of Judgment." It was a verse which went to show how he and others would go hand in hand "in the place which has sometimes been termed Hell." At this point there was another storm of objections from Bradshaw, but the proceedings went on. Dr. Kilbourne said Rande's memory was good and there was no noticeable peculiarity in his eyes. Here Rande leaned over to his attorney, and said loud enough to be heard, "I'll kick that doctor's nose off in hell."

Attorney Bradshaw then cross-examined the witness. The Doctor said he paid twenty-five cents for the photograph, and Rande did not know in what capacity the witness went there. The witness had heard nothing in the evidence for the defense to warrant any suspicion of Rande's insanity. Then Bradshaw wanted to know, if his incoherence, his wild eyes and his murder of the hen went for anything? The witness replied they did not prove insanity; and pretty clearly expressed his opinion that the witness who testified to that circumstance "had lied." Attorney Stubbs protested saying, "the witness, as an expert, must believe all the testimony." The court ruled in Mr. Stubbs favor. "The fact," said the witness, "that a man who had been brought up regularly and attended Sunday school and church, should become at once desperately vicious and wicked, immediately after the death of his wife, would not necessarily be evidence of insanity. Such a fact might create a suspicion, especially if there had been insanity in the family."

Bradshaw asked, if the witness knew that one of the prisoner's ancestors had been in an asylum, or had been insane for several years; "would that increase the suspicion of the defendant's insanity?"

"My goodness," interpolated Mr. McKinzie, "is there

any suspicion that this man's uncle was one of his ancestors?"

This brought down the house and knocked the wind out of Bradshaw. He rallied, bravely, however, and tried hard to get the doctor to give his judgement on insulated facts; if the statements made by the family could be considered in the light of facts. The witness refused to walk into the trap, and persisted in explaining his answers. He did not believe that Rande's alleged abrupt change from a good, religious, peaceable citizen to a thief, burglar and murderer was evidence of insanity, couldn't believe in the abruptness of the change.

Bradshaw got mad and said "I know you are a great man, but I don't want opinions." The court tried mild measures to suppress the indomitable Bradshaw. Attorney McKinzie put in occasionally with a sarcastic remark, which would scarify any animal less thick-skinned than a mule; but Bradshaw went on like Tennyson's Brook. Men came and went, the pretty girls in the gallery fluffed up their feathers and utilized their opera-glasses, but Bradshaw "went on forever," and was bound that the doctor should answer questions the way he wanted him to.

But the good doctor would not acknowledge that Rande's shipping express packages to all points of the compass was "evidence of insanity." And his hatred of police and other officers was only to be considered as one of the natural developments of a depraved and vicious character. On the review of the whole testimony, carefully weighed, and a personal observation of Rande, the witness believed him sane. "Killing of hens and smashing crockery to the contrary notwithstanding."

Charles H. Hughes, superintendent of the State Lunatic Asylum at St. Louis, was the next and last witness. This witness listened for half an hour, while the State's

Attorney read a question of great length, recapitulating all the evidence given by the family of the prisoner, and demanded to know whether, "supposing all these things to be true, they constitute any evidence of insanity?"

The defense objected to the question without avail.

The witness replied that, "taking all the points given in the hypothetical question as true," he would not believe they indicated insanity on the part of the prisoner referred to. He saw nothing whatever to show that such a person was incapable of distinguishing between right and wrong. "The diseased condition of the individual furnished the only method by which physicians could distinguish between depravity of morals and depravity caused by insanity. Peculiarities of manner or life gave no basis for concluding an individual insane, in the absence of evidence of disease. Eccentricity and individuality were not insanity, because they had not disease for their basis, disease of the brain or other organs being referred to."

The cross-examination resulted very disastrously for Bradshaw. That legal luminary propounded one of his ludicrous questions, and in reply the witness said, "if the court please, I want to give an answer intelligible to scientific men, and don't want to answer people who know no more about insanity than does this attorney." The witness believed a person could be sane on some subjects and insane on others. "Such a form of insanity is kleptomania. A homicidal maniac slays indiscriminately, and for the sake of killing he would kill a friend as soon as an enemy, and would not wait till he was pursued or hunted down."

At the conclusion of Dr. Hughes' evidence the prosecution announced that their case was closed. The court then adjourned until one o'clock the following day, at which time the arguments of the counsel would begin,

CHAPTER VIII.

Court opened on Saturday, the 17th day of February, at one o'clock p. m. An immense crowd thronged the court room that afternoon in anticipation of the commencement of the argument in this great case. Both the hall and gallery were jammed with attentive and interested listeners, fully one half being ladies.

At two o'clock State's Attorney Tunncliffe addressed the jury. The writer wishes he was able to give an intelligent synopsis of what this able attorney said on that occasion. He had the sympathy of the entire crowd, save that of Bradshaw and Rande, and a subject that an attorney of his measure could handle to perfection. He talked the entire afternoon and had not quite finished his argument when court adjourned for the day. In the course of Mr. Tunncliffe's argument to the jury, he alluded to the presence of Mr. Belden's little boy in Court, and speaking of Rande's aged mother and relatives, said it was natural for them to use all possible efforts to clear him. But neither the insanity dodge nor any other quibble nor technicality would save Frank Rande from the doom which awaited him.

Commenting on the evidence, the State's Attorney claimed that proof positive had been obtained of Rande's connection with the burglary. That he was the murderer, was absolutely shown, and he declared that no compromise verdict would be satisfactory to the people or the prosecution; but that outraged Justice demanded the infliction of the severest punishment known to the law.

And referring to the boldness and daring manifested in the perpetration of this crime, he said: "At mid-day, in a thickly settled part of the country and within the limits of the village of Gilson, the defendant committed a most daring burglary. Pursued and tracked by the citizens of the county for the purpose of arrest, he turned on his pursuers, and single-handed, defied a whole township, and with a bravado and coolness which scarcely finds a parallel in the bloody tales of the border, killed one, wounded three others, and escaped into the woods.

"The whole country was aroused, citizens turned out and for days together scoured every foot of ground for miles around. Rewards were offered for the apprehension of the criminal, by the township and county authorities and by the governor of the State, for no man felt safe in person or property while such a desperado was allowed to be at large. But for a time it seemed that the murderer of Charles Belden would not be brought to justice. The good people of this county had waited long and anxiously for some favorable report from the officers who they knew had been intrusted with the perilous task of running this murderer to earth. But about the time patience began to waiver, and we entertained doubts that this out-law would ever be apprehended, there was an authentic message flashed over the wires, directed to and received by your humble servant, from the hands of that indefatigable and silent detective—Frank Hitchcock, bearing the glad tidings that Frank Rande, the murderer of Charles Belden had been apprehended and was then safely behind the prison bars. (Applause). He and his faithful deputy had followed that one little clue, the ram-rod that was picked up from the path of the fleeing murderer, together with the express receipt found under like circumstances, and to this was due his apprehension. The circumstances of his arrest, the murder of the brave officer

in the discharge of his duty, all indicate the terrible character of the man.

"Public indignation was so great, it was feared for a time, both in St. Louis and here, that the rage of the people would rob justice of its prey, and that a public trial would be made impossible. But, thanks to the law-abiding citizens, no disgraceful acts of violence occurred. The law, in its supreme majesty, protected the criminal, gave him a fair trial before a jury of the country, with able counsel to defend, and when that jury returns its verdict all will feel that the law has been vindicated, and the bloody career of the Knox County desperado, the daring young bandit of the Wabash, is at an end."

During the delivery of this address the "insane" prisoner took copious notes of the legal authorities cited, with page and volume referred to, and when not thus employed he was joking with his guards or passing notes to the reporters.

On the coming in of court Monday morning there seemed to be no abatement in the interest the people were taking in this extraordinary case. For on this occasion, as it had been from the beginning, long before the sheriff opened court there was hardly standing room in that large hall for all those who were present to hear what the lawyers had to say.

State's Attorney Tunncliffe resumed his argument for the people, occupying the entire forenoon. His line of argument being that of showing the fallacy of the insanity dodge, that an effort on the part of the defense was being made to establish.

In the afternoon session Mr. O. F. Price followed with an address to the jury on the part of the prisoner.

From the beginning of Mr. Price's remarks it was plain to every one that their only hope of saving their client's neck was the insanity dodge, or that old, rotten

plea (which has served its purpose many, many times in hoodwinking jurors) that an officer has no right, under any circumstances, to make an arrest without first obtaining a warrant for the accused.

He commenced by saying he presumed that the life of Frank Rande was of but little consequence (on which point everybody agreed with him). But that there were questions of law involved in this case which were vital to the interests of all citizens.

In this strain this very good lawyer proceeded and occupied the balance of the day, trying to prove to the jury that no sane man would act and do as the defendant did, etc. He talked at great length about that part of the evidence pertaining to Rande's grief over the loss of his wife, and his subsequent acts in his great attachment for the old buckskin coat. All these circumstances were proof positive (in his mind) that the defendant was crazy.

After concluding his argument court adjourned for the day.

On the coming in of court the next morning the hall (or court room as they called it) was as usual crowded with spectators. The time had arrived for the invincible Bradshaw to be heard. The main points of his argument were along the lines previously followed by Mr. Price, and that was insanity of the defendant, as also the unwarranted manner of making the arrest.

There was no dispute on the part of the defense that the defendant was not fully identified as the man who murdered Belden. He argued that Rande knew the pursuing party was an illegal body, and did not represent the posse of the county, for the reason that the little boy, Keller, was along with the crowd. Besides this, the men were armed, and Rande might very well have considered his life in danger.

Bradshaw continued in a conversational strain, inform-

ing the jury that they could not hang Rande, and that their verdict, if unfavorable to the prisoner, would unquestionably be overturned by the Supreme Court. It did not matter, he said, very much about Rande, nor about himself, for the world would go on just the same if both were out of the way; which remark caused quite a flutter among the lady spectators in the gallery. "But principle was a great and glorious thing, and if once the principle that a criminal might be arrested without a warrant was established, nobody could say where it would stop. All the rights of citizens would be overturned, and no man would be safe if that abominable doctrine of hue and cry was recognized."

He then tried his hand at the insanity dodge, by saying, "it is easy to ridicule a thing or person. In Bloomington they had a poor, deformed fellow, whose head looked like a pumpkin grown in the crack of a fence, and whose eyes were cut the wrong way of the leather." The speaker had a bill to collect from a high-toned, respectable gentleman, with an aversion to settlement, and he, this great pleader, employed this abortive specimen of the human family to follow him about the streets of Bloomington and frequently dun him for the bill. Result: The money was paid within twenty-four hours.

Just what point Bradshaw was trying to make when he related this incident, it was beyond the comprehension of any one present, unless it was the client, to tell. However, the point being made, as he thought, he went on to say that the loss of his wife affected him, even to the extent of rendering him insane. "How else," he said, "could the smashing of the crockery be considered? Then there was the killing of the old hen, the purchase of old iron, all evidence of insanity. Also, there was the unprovoked attack on the ash-barrel. No sane man would pitch upon an unoffending barrel, and burst it wide open.

Even Dr. Kilbourne had to own up to that ; I made him do it in my cross-examination. The Supreme Court had a great contempt for experts. Who was this man Kilbourne ? He lived at Elgin, among the mad people ; ate with them, slept with them and played with them. Kilbourne was unfair toward the defense."

The speaker went on to say : "There is the brazen-faced, gander-eyed Dr. Hughes, with a head on him like an egg, who was so confident that he knew more than the speaker. He could not face me when I demanded to know whether a change of religion amounted to insanity. The experts did not agree, and their testimony ought not to be allowed to weigh against the evidence of the family and the neighbors of Rande in Fairfield. The burden of proof as to Rande's sanity rested with the people, and they must prove it absolutely. No preponderance of testimony would go. An expert," he said, "is a man who does not know anything reasonable people know."

Bradshaw went on to say : "Another point is, that the pursuit ceased for an hour or more while the pursuers were arming. Rande was never notified by anybody what he was wanted for. Everything was against him. He was a poor tramp, pure and simple, and nothing more ; no doubt hunting work, and this gang of men that were following him, and trying to fill his hide full of bullets, did not at that time know he was the man who robbed Mr. Pearce's house, if it ever was robbed. By what authority did they act ? By none that can be found in any of the law books of this or any other land."

Bradshaw closed his oration with an appeal to the jurors, one by one, by name, to give his client the benefit of any doubt that might exist. They might say that if they acquitted Rande, the mob would hang him. Let them do so, but let not the jury do an illegal act because others might do so. And then, with an exhortation in

genuine love-feast style, he closed, and the court adjourned for dinner.

Court convening at 2 p. m., Mr. Stubbs, of Fairfield, Iowa, commenced his argument to the jury. Mr. Stubbs is an able man, and considering the fact that everything was against him in the case, he made a good speech.

After the usual compliments to the intelligence of the jury, he proceeded to review the evidence. He claimed that there was ample time to obtain a warrant for the arrest of Rande, instead of surrounding him without authority. The men, he said, who hunted Rande, were rioters, and nothing else, and there was no evidence that they intended to take the prisoner before a magistrate. As it was, the presumption is that they meant to lynch him, and if they had caught him, no man would have ever known his name was Charles A. Scott. The hue and cry was not raised, in accordance with the Common Law of England; and, anyway, that Common Law did not rule in the State of Illinois.

His argument was a clever piece of pleading, and appealed all through to the prejudices of the jury, ridiculing the Common Law throughout. Old Law Books were quoted to show the peculiar operations of the English Common Law, and the national prejudice was evoked to prove that what was good enough for the whole civilized world from the date of civilization was obsolete in Illinois; and Stubbs said he would be satisfied with a verdict of man-slaughter. In fact he did not want his client acquitted entirely. At this point Stubbs advanced the startling statement that McCown, who so narrowly escaped death at the hands of Rande, probably killed Belden, and tried to support this by showing the course of the fatal bullet. Then he proved to his own satisfaction, that Rande killed Belden in self defense, and that Rande was insane

at the time of the murder. Mr. Stubbs did not conclude his argument until ten o'clock the following day.

Mr. James A. McKinzie, associate counsel for the people, then commenced the final argument in the case, which was not concluded until a few minutes after three o'clock the following day. He made one of the greatest efforts of his life. The great hall was crowded to suffocation with spectators, every minute of the time this little giant was talking. In commenting on the points raised by the counsel for the defense, Mr. McKinzie was inclined to treat Mr. Stubbs with all the respect he deserved. But brother Bradshaw from Bloomington, who had squeezed himself into the case for a little notoriety only, with him it was different. Jim McKinzie as a lawyer, was a favorite in Galesburg, and the ladies as well as men folks of that great moral city, all said, "may the good Lord pity Bradshaw when Jim gets at him." And their predictions were correct; for if there ever was an occasion when a man was skinned alive, that was the occasion with Bradshaw. For when "Jim," as they called him, turned his attention to that functionary, there was at first, no perceptible twitch of Bradshaw's muscles to indicate that he was in much pain; but as the operation proceeded, he acted like a man that had eaten something which had started a fermentation in his stomach. And before "Jim" got through with his effort, it was with much difficulty that the demonstrations from the audience were restrained. And this not until the firm old Judge threatened having the galleries cleared of their fair occupants.

In closing his argument, McKinzie said that he "had mentally given this insanity question much prominence, because he considered the defense had thrown it in as a make-weight, in order to create a doubt in the minds of the jury, and if possible to reduce the verdict to man-

slaughter and imprisonment for life. This case was an important one, and would determine whether or not there was to be a special privileged class upon whom punishment for crime should not be inflicted. It would decide whether, for this class, a whole array of legal talent should be massed and against whom no statute should have effect. If the jury believed that Rande was insane on the day he murdered Belden, they must acquit him. If they had no doubt that he was sane on that day, they would be false to their oaths, to the people of this great State, to their manhood and their God, if they took one inch from the rope by which this prince of murderers was to be hanged."

On the conclusion of Mr. McKinzie's argument, the Court took a recess for a few minutes; after which, the Court read the instructions to the jury, which occupied a little less than one hour's time.

In part he said for the people: "It was not necessary, in order to find that the burglary was committed by Rande, that absolute proof should be given by eye-witnesses, but that it was proper to prove by facts and circumstances sufficient to satisfy the jury beyond a reasonable doubt. The jury was not to go beyond the evidence to hunt up a chimerical or conjectural doubt; but said doubt, to justify an acquittal, must be reasonable." On the insanity point, the jury were instructed that if they believed Rande possessed the mental power to judge of the consequences of his acts, then they must find him guilty of murder; if satisfied as to the facts of the killing, as charged, they could not consider insanity in mitigation, if they held the prisoner answerable.

The instructions for the defense were of the ordinary character, those on which they sought to make their point being rejected by the court. The defense insisted on the presumption of innocence, claimed the benefit of the in-

sanity plea, and denied the legality of arrest under hue and cry.

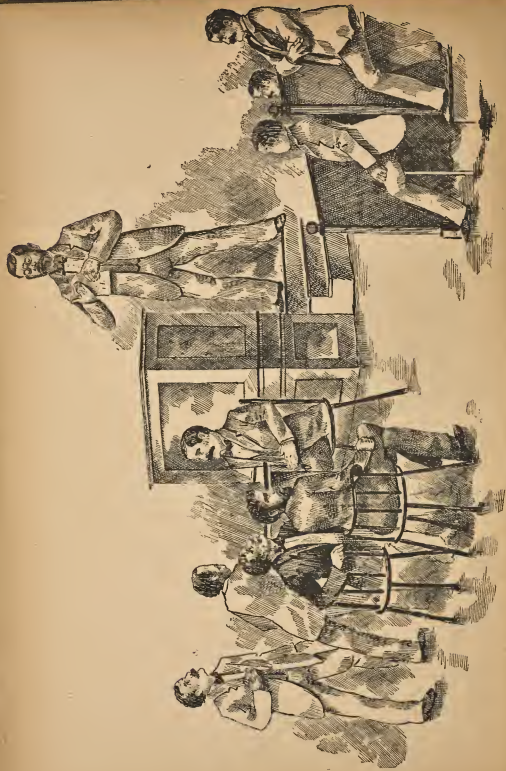
During the reading of the instructions by the court, and while McKinzie was delivering his terrific phillipic, Rande was as unconcerned as ever, to all appearances.

At 4:30 the jury retired, taking with them the statutes and the valise, vest, express receipt and other articles offered in evidence. They were taken to the Union Hotel and locked up. Court adjourned until nine o'clock the following morning.

Thus ended this notable trial, which had lasted sixteen days. The great publicity given by the press of this desperado's many bloody deeds, and his quick arraignment after his apprehension, were the prime causes of this particular criminal trial being in many respects the most sensational in character of any ever tried in this or any other State.

The case now being in the hands of the jury, everybody was on the *qui vive*. No one thought for a minute but that the jury would be out only a very short time after eating their supper. But the hours rolled by, and at twelve o'clock one of the bailiffs in charge, while he would not give a hint as to how the jury stood concerning the guilt or innocence of the defendant, answered that the jury was very busy arguing points of law. They kept that up all night, and the next morning had not yet reached a verdict. By that time the people had become anxious. The only news obtainable from their room was that there appeared to be three of the number who did not feel justified in rendering a verdict until they had settled a few more law points. Bradshaw had told them that they were the sole judges of the law and evidence, Judge Smith's opinion to the contrary notwithstanding. And of course the people on the outside could do nothing more than await their pleasure.

JUDGE SENTENCING RANDE TO PRISON FOR LIFE.



Night had come and no verdict yet. By this time the people became uneasy. There were all kinds of rumors afloat, one of which was that they were going to acquit the defendant and turn him loose. "That," the people one and all declared, "they never would submit to." Sheriff Berggren by this time was very uneasy, and if it had not been that he had assured the anxious populace that he knew enough about the way the jury stood to say that Rande would never be set free, they would not have gone to bed that night, but remained up to be ready to meet any emergency that might arise.

Some time during the night the jury arrived at a verdict. And that was that the defendant, Rande, was guilty of man-slaughter only, and his punishment to be confinement in the penitentiary the balance of his life. This decision of the jury was kept a profound secret. The judge was aroused from bed just at day-break, and rushed over to the court house to receive the verdict, and sentence the prisoner; this being done at such an early hour and in a quiet way, that no one other than the court officers knew what was going on until Sheriff Berggren and his charge were aboard the train on their way to Joliet.

The sheriff went directly to the train with his prisoner from the Court House. He did not get away any too soon, for there was a large mob of citizens organized in Gilson on the night before, who were on their way to Galesburg to hang the prisoner, and who would have reached that city in one hour's time after the sheriff had left with his prisoner, if the news had not been conveyed to them that it was "No use going any further, Rande was on his way to Joliet."

It can be truly said, that when those good people living in and around that little village of Gilson, heard the verdict of the jury, a more humiliated and disgusted body of people never before was seen or heard of. They had

spent so many weeks of their time in attendance on the court, and that too, at much expense, their village and neighbors had pledged themselves to pay a good share of the reward offered for this man's head who had wantonly murdered their friend; and like honorable citizens as they were, had gone down in their pockets and paid every dollar of that pledge. No wonder they were disgusted. Not a law-abiding citizen who was aware of the facts, but sympathized with them. Unless it was the three wise jury men who declared their knowledge of Law, Justice and Right was so deep seated in their brains they would suffer Mr. Rande to be turned loose upon the public roads, before they would ever, ever agree to having his neck stretched.

So gentle reader, the writer can give now as well as hereafter the excuse made by nine of those jurors for rendering the verdict they did. It seems that from the first ballot, the jury stood nine for hanging, two for life imprisonment and one for not guilty. Rande afterwards made the remark, "That man was crazier than I."

That was the way the jury stood for several hours, and finally, the juror who Rande said was crazy, agreed to life imprisonment. And while it was a terrible pill for the other nine to swallow, it seemed to them the best thing to do. Their county had already been to over five thousand dollars expense, and rather than put their people to additional trouble and greater expense, they gave in and rendered their verdict accordingly.

The result of this great trial, that the consummation of the last legal out-rage, the escape of Frank Rande, the blood stained bandit of St. Elmo, Gilson, Indianapolis and St. Louis, from the vengeance of the Law, had been already telegraphed from one end of this country to the other, and had awakened in the hearts and minds of all good citizens an indignation which words, however strong,

were powerless to express. A Knox County jury, in its verdict, had allowed that moral monstrosity to evade the most just and righteous doom which in any other civilized country would have been meted out to him.

The last chance that this desperado might reap his just reward, vanished when the sheriff's party boarded the train, which, most unfortunately, had not been delayed. Had the sheriff missed this opportunity, none other would have been afforded, for the next train from Gilson bore on it a large number of determined men, friends and neighbors of the poor fellow so foully slain, who were determined to execute justice upon the murderer in the event of any such contingency as the unexpected action of the jury. But it was too late; when they reached a point near Galesburg they received the intelligence. The Knox County desperado, the murderer of Gilson, St. Elmo and Indianapolis, the thief and burglar, whose very existence was a living lie, and in whose black and villianous heart there dwelt not one thought of pity, of humanity or manhood, and whose career of crime was unrelieved by one good deed or honest action, was far beyond their reach. Thanks to the sophistical pleading of hired attorneys, the mistaken respect for so-called justice on the part of a deeply wronged and outraged people, and, above all, to the moral obliquity and seeming sympathy with crime, of twelve men, whose reward will be in the hereafter, Frank Rande still lived—lived to do more murder. His criminal soul, while surrounded by the walls of the penitentiary at Joliet, found new opportunities for the execution of more devilishness, and the spilling of more human blood, the responsibility for which rests upon the heads of the twelve men who, by their action, gave to the most hardened and awful villian that ever disgraced this country, a new lease of life.

CHAPTER IX.

Rande was received at the Joliet Penitentiary in the forenoon of Saturday, February 23rd, 1878.

The officials of that institution had long before been apprised of the true character of this noted outlaw, and rather dreaded his appearance. But there was no other alternative than to give the man board and lodging, as the Law required them to do.

On entering the reception-room of that great building, his description was taken as to height, complexion, color of his hair, beard and eyes. He gave his age as thirty-five. When asked his name he said, "I should think you people, if you have education sufficient to read my commitment papers, would know enough to know that it is Frank Rande." He told the warden he had no choice of jobs, but could do any kind of work it was his pleasure to give him. He was then given a bath, shave and a haircut. On Monday morning he was put to work in the collar shop. He did his part of the work well, and for a few months the authorities experienced but little, if any, trouble with him. However, after a time he seemed to become weary of behaving himself, and would occasionally, without any apparent cause, knock down some brother convict. After receiving his punishment for such offences, he would become insolent, so much so, as to threaten some of the keepers with their lives, and defy them to lay their hands upon him.

This kind of conduct was kept up at intervals, with quick punishment following each offence, for a period of

five years. All at once Rande seemed to have made up his mind to behave himself. He worked well, ate heartily, slept well and was obedient to the officers. So great was the change for the better, that the officers who had immediate charge of him, each felt like doing the man a favor, when opportunity presented.

Everything was thus moving along quietly in the Joliet Prison, and the good people of this country, many of whom had banished from their minds the thought that the great desperado, who but a few years before had so terrorized this whole country by his awful bloody deeds, still lived.

It seemed as if his name was not yet to be forgotten. For late in the afternoon of Saturday, March 1st, 1884, the telegraph wires flashed the intelligence all over the country, that Frank Rande, once the great outlaw and then a convict at the Joliet Penitentiary, had brutally murdered Deputy Warden McDonald, and terribly, if not fatally wounded Keeper Madden.

Later intelligence received gave the following full details of the murderous assault, which only the day before had been made by Frank Rande upon one of the officers and a keeper of the Illinois State Penitentiary.

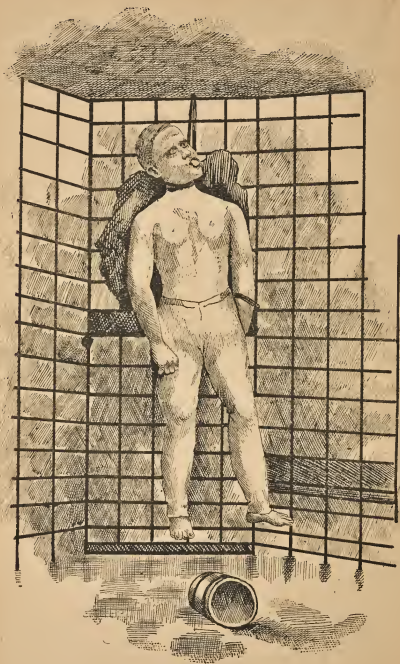
On Saturday afternoon, March 1st, 1884, when Capt. James McDonald, deputy warden, was making his customary rounds he entered the collar shop where Rande worked. McDonald stopped at the desk of Keeper Madden to receive his report, and, while the deputy was engaged in conversation with the keeper, Rande, who worked near by, snapped his finger at his keeper and raised his hand, giving the sign for a request to go to the water closet. Madden nodded assent, and resumed his conversation with the deputy warden, whose back was turned toward Rande. The keeper also, just at that moment, turned his head in an opposite direction from



ATTEMPTED KILLING OF DEPUTY WARDEN, JAMES McDONALD.

that of Rande for the purpose of giving an order to another convict. Instantly Rande, who was crossing the room, picked up a heavy iron poker, three feet in length, and rushed upon McDonald, striking him upon the head with all his force, smashing in the skull of that officer, who dropped to the stone floor, senseless. Rande shouted at the top of his voice, with a bitter oath, "I have killed him at last," and, quick as a flash, drew from his own pocket a large knife and made a rush for Keeper Madden. As the two came together the keeper received a terrible gash in the arm, but succeeded in holding Rande until two life convicts, Demolin and Raub, came to his assistance. Each grabbed Rande and threw him violently to the floor. Hearing the alarm, Assistant Deputy Warden Garvin and Keeper Ed. McDonald, brother of the attacked deputy, rushed in. Convict Raub was on top of Rande, and had the life almost choked out of him when Garvin ordered him off. Raub begged to be allowed to choke him to death. When let up, Rande staggered toward the door and made a quick lunge, grabbed a knife on the table, turned and desperately attacked Garvin, who broke a heavy cane over Rande's head, cutting him terribly. Pulling his revolver, Garvin shot Rande in the side, then grabbed the convict by the throat, and, while thus holding him, Keeper McDonald frantically drew his revolver, placed the muzzle to Rande's ear and fired. Rande dropped as if dead. Deputy McDonald and Rande were then carried to the hospital, and examination showed McDonald's skull to be frightfully crushed; pieces of the skull were removed, leaving the brain exposed for a space of two inches in length and one inch in width. It was not thought possible that he could live.

Rande was unconscious for a long time, and on his recovering, the first thing he said, with an oath attached,



SUICIDE OF RANDE, IN JOLIET PENITENTIARY.

was, "I am not dead yet, nor do I intend to die until I have ridded this institution of its many cruel officers. I think I have killed the meanest one of the gang and I am glad of it. I have left a broad trail of blood all over this country in my effort to exterminate that class of gentry. I have killed nine of them that I know of. If this one dies, and I hope he will, that will make the number ten."

This murderous attack was made out of pure devilishness, as it had been many months since the prison authorities had punished him for insolence or any violation of the rules.

Strange to say, upon the doctors making an examination of Rande's wounds, they found that the bullet which penetrated his ear had flattened against his skull without causing even a fracture. The wound he received in the side was not serious, the ball striking a rib and glancing around without more than penetrating the skin. Consequently he was soon removed to the "Solitary."

The bullet that entered Rande's head was fired from a 38-calibre Smith & Wesson revolver, at a distance of three feet from his head, close enough to have blown the whole top of his head off. But to the astonishment of the doctor, on probing about in the wound, he found that the bullet had not penetrated the bone back of the ear at all, but was flattened against it; in fact the bullet was as flat as if it had been fired against a stone wall, and had not injured Rande in the least.

As before stated, as soon as his injuries were found not to be serious, he was removed to the "Solitary." During his stay there he made no complaint. He ate and slept well and made the remark, "I suppose they will hang me sure now." When informed that Officer McDonald might recover, he expressed his sorrow for that and said, "if he does not die, it is no fault of mine."

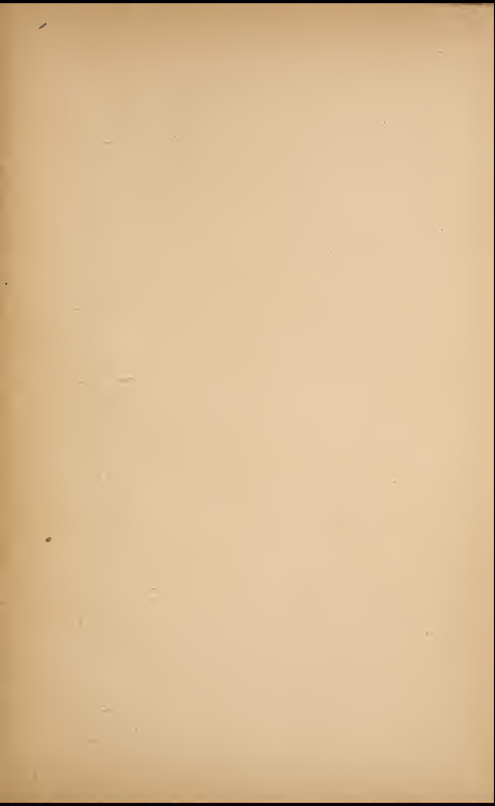
Some time in the morning of March 7th, Rande com-

mitted self-murder by hanging himself in his cell. His method for his self destruction was most cleverly planned. He made a stout rope by tearing his clothing into strips, and tied one of his suspenders to his left arm, and fastened the other end to his bunk so that his body would not swing around when it dropped. He also placed his jacket against the cell door so that his body would not rub against it; then taking the bucket in his cell, he turned it up-side-down and, standing on it, fastened the rope to one of the bars of the grating above the cell door and, with the loose end around his neck, then kicked the bucket away. He dropped about six inches, and must soon have strangled to death. When discovered he was stiff and cold, his eyes were wide open, and his countenance horrible in the extreme. He was naked to the waist and had only his drawers on.

The feeling occasioned by his self-removal was one of intense relief to the prison authorities. His body swung at the entrance of his cell all day, and was not cut down until night. A coroner's jury returned a verdict to the effect that he had come to his death by his own hands. His body was laid to rest in the convict burying grounds.

Owing to the prompt and skillful treatment received, together with his wonderful grit, vitality and nerve power, after months of struggling between life and death, Frank Rande's last intended victim, Capt. James McDonald, still lives.

THE END.



ANNOUNCEMENT.

The following pages are not in any sense a biography. They represent but one chapter in the life work of a most skillful and efficient detective — a faithful public officer — a born and trained conservator of law and order. A crowning chapter this may be, because of the desperate character of the game pursued. But as a study of the ingenious methods and the dogged perseverance with which this eminent detective was wont to ferret out criminals and bring them into court, the case of Frank Rande is but one among many.

These are not "Detective Stories," written with a mere basis of truth, filled up, rounded out and embellished by imagination. They are simple tales of fact, plainly told, of incidents which need no embellishment.

Had Mr. Hitchcock lived, these would have been, before now, all gathered into a volume of considerable size and given to the public; but, as it is, the demand for a connected and authentic account of the chase and capture of Frank Rande has induced the friends of the great detective to issue so much in the present form, knowing that it will only stimulate a desire for the complete history, so soon as the return of business activity shall justify larger ventures. The complete work will include, with the present, such chapters as:

His first exciting chase and capture of a notorious horse thief, in which he shot the fellow's horse under him, and so brought him to terms.

Capture of Wm. Ayres, the Kentucky murderer, who had broken jail there and made the "mistake of his life" by running into Hitchcock's state. Took the murderer back to Kentucky, where he was "hanged till he was dead."

A dangerous gang of safe-blowers had been having their own way in Central Illinois. He got after them, run them down in Iowa, bundled them off the penitentiary, and broke up the business.

ANNOUNCEMENT.

Murderer of Mrs. Matthews in Yates City, Ill., captured, taken back to Knox county and hung.

Great Peoria jail delivery of 1873, in which a large number of the toughest possible characters turned themselves loose upon the community. Hitchcock's drag-net, in course of time, brought them all in.

The gang that robbed the Smithville store of practically its entire contents, all caught, with most of their plunder, and sent up.

Capture of J. P. Wilder, who robbed Mrs. Maggie Shuman and fled to Europe. He finally returned, however, and Hitchcock picked him up in Chicago.

Elmwood Bank was robbed of several thousand dollars. This detective pursued the gang through Canada, and back to the United States, picking them up adroitly in South Carolina.

Gang of "porch climbers" broken up in Peoria after a flourishing business in 1875-76.

Suppression of the riots in Peoria; or, rather, prevention of what in a few hours more would have been equal to the Chicago riot, in which a reporter said: "The pale air was streaked with blood." This piece of work is a study for the future conservator of law and order.

Chase and capture of Wm. Merritt, who robbed the Princeville bank of over \$15 000.

Arrest of Joseph Buck, the Stark county elevator man, who "distinguished" himself by robbing farmers of the fruits of their labors.

But the last important triumph over rascality was the capture of Finley Hoke, in Canada. This name is still familiar to not very old people, as the man who robbed the Merchants National Bank of Peoria of over \$180,000.

These, with several other chapters of great interest, are already prepared, and will constitute a volume of detective history—not "stories"—unsurpassed in interest, and certainly not lacking in usefulness. The lessons they contain will be a warning to evil doers, as to the hopelessness of hiding from the law, and an aid in the study of methods by those in work similar to that of Frank Hitchcock.





